

Special Features This Issue
"Snow Row 2002" - "Kokopelli 2001"
"24' Pilothouse Cruiser" - "Fishing Under Sail"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 19 - Number 23

April 15, 2002

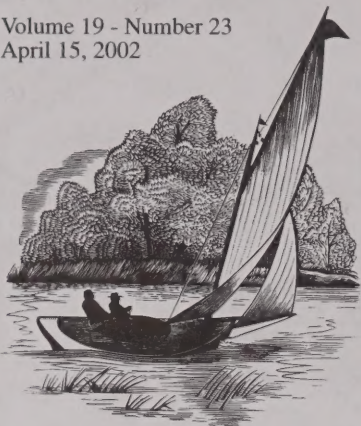


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messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

I'll bring you my annual lookaround at the "Maine Boatbuilders' Show 2002". Depending on how much space this uses up, the following features are all lined up for what's left:

Barry Donahue brings us some evocative photos of "Working Sail in Haiti"; Jim Seavey reveals what for him was "Terror of the Deep"; Kenneth Robert Spring has another dog story for us in "Sarah"; Francis Walter offers us a peek at upscale boating in "Delivery of the Viking *Kassablanca Too*"; Robb White tells another fishing story in "Toughies in the Back"; David Buckman begins an excerpt from his new book "*Bucking the Tide*"; and Bill Gamblin's "Looking Back" continues with "Lost on a Lake on an Island on a River".

Hugh Hagan is back with a tale about "Restoring the Mobjack"; Mark Steele comments on starting off today's young sailors with models in "George (not the King) and George Who Follows in His Footsteps"; Walter Head introduces his scale model of "A Foldup Trailerable Houseboat"; Glen-L introduces their new "Glen L Duckboat"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present an "Update & Upgrade on a Fast Motorsailer".

If you think this seems like quite a lot, you're right, some may hold over into the next couple of issues.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



According to the organizers "196 athletes" took part in this year's Snow Row on a mild but cloudy March 2 at Hull Massachusetts, just south of Boston on Massachusetts Bay. I almost always attend as it is rejuvenating to get out on the shore amongst a bunch of avid small boat folks and soak up some of the the ambient enthusiasm, even if I do not participate. And it gives my journalist role some exercise.

In my earlier years of small boating I rowed some, a Rangeley Lake boat was my favorite, solo or double with Jane. I never really did come to terms with the facing backwards thing and segued into kayaking when introduced to that sport, relieved to now see where I was going. But I did miss that ineffable appeal of pulling on the oars. Something about it that does grab you.

Despite it being the only form of outdoor recreation that I can think of that one enjoys travelling backwards, it has its strong adherents. Like most sports, it has subdivided into various viewpoints on what it ought to be. The most extreme form has evolved over a century or more into today's serious racing shells, solos, doubles, fours and eights, right up to Olympic level, boats that are pretty exotic and require some real skills and training to successfully row.

The gathering in Hull is at the other extreme, if you will, really retro in today's terminology. The stars are wooden replicas of multi-oared gigs from the long ago days of commercial sail, lovingly built by volunteers and rowed by them with great gusto. The smaller craft, while not as dramatic in action, comprise an eclectic mix of types harking back to the days when rowing was work, not sport, hard labor, boats in which work for economic survival was done.

The crews at Hull are every bit as eclectic as the boats. High school aged youth crews, adult women ranging over two generations, adult men of similar age spread, a few grizzled "old timers" still unable to give up competing. The mix is dynamic, young and old, men and women, all in it together, going for it hard over a 3.5 mile course on cold winter waters in boats which, for the most part, do not move

nearly as easily as a modern sliding seat shell. Yes, a couple of these also took part, the Snow Row is open to any sort of pulling boat, even paddling boats like the kayaks and the single outrigger canoe double that turned out.

To some degree all of us in this small boat game are "hard way" types, preferring to row, paddle or sail, with motor power grudgingly adopted, if at all, usually by sailors of boats that are not easily rowed, paddled or sculled if the wind goes away. Yet virtually all of us who pursue this hard way form of waterborne recreation have otherwise adopted all of the labor saving devices of today's technology in our work, homes, and vehicles. With hard ways pretty well banished from everyday life, we seem to have turned to recreation to experience them again.

Sure, sport today is usually exercise of some sort, good for health, good for exercising those inbuilt survival competitive instincts we still have buried within us, for possible application in the workday world. Relieved of hard work (I laugh every time I hear a technoweenie tell of how hard he or she works today) we turn to sports.

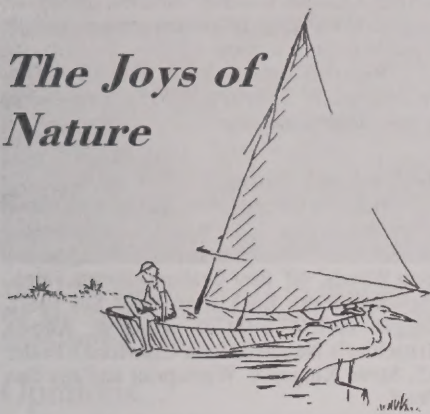
But rowing? Sitting on a hard board, pulling on long wooden poles with flattened ends against the resistance of the water, often getting splashed by the cold water, trying to move what is usually a pretty heavy boat "faster". And never seeing where you are heading and how you are doing against those ahead of you, but rather looking back where you've been, able, at least, to note if anyone is gaining on you. Yep, all that and still they love it.

I could feel the tug as I watched them get off the beach, it'd be kinda fun to be in one of those gigs, fours or doubles doing the teamwork thing. Not so sure about going solo though. I feel that tug when I have occasion to view, or review, some of my bygone efforts in "hard way" activities. I attribute it to my growing up when much we had to do was still done the hard way as there was no money to do it otherwise. With all this in mind, I salute all those who find rowing something worth doing, it does indeed have its charms and rewards.

On the Cover...

The rower's version of "high fives" as the top finishers in the Snow Row at Hull, Massachusetts on March 2 salute one another at the finish. It's all featured in this issue.

The Joys of Nature



Horseshoe Crabs & Shorebirds

By Kenneth Murphy

Summertime for a twelve-year-old boy in Great Neck, Long Island, meant adventure. With Great Neck being surrounded by water on three sides, the boy seemed always to wind up with a fishing rod in hand or a collection of flat "skipping" stones by the water's edge. What pleasure it was to while away those dreamy days by the water!

There were always things to discover, not the least of which were horseshoe crabs. For the twelve-year-old the first sight of such a creature provoked all kinds of responses, some of which the boy, grown man, would rather forget now. Suffice it to say he discovered that the blood of not all creatures is red. Somehow the horseshoe's blue blood matched its overall impact on the twelve-year-old's overactive mind; certainly such a creature was not of this world.

One weekend in mid-May the boy was hip deep in the waters of Long Island Sound. The springtime water was particularly clear and he was just doing what twelve-year-old boys do. Then he saw a horseshoe crab with a second, smaller one riding in back. Interesting. Then he saw a second pair. Suddenly, all around the boy, was a crowd of crabs, mostly pairs, but sometimes there were groups of three or even four crabs attached to one another, hundreds, all marching toward the shore. That day Nature revealed to that impressionable young boy one of her secrets that occurs only once every year, but that few get to experience firsthand.

It was only recently that the event I witnessed fifty years ago was explained. As I was thumbing through Scott Weidensaul's *Seasonal Guide to The Natural Year*, I found a chapter that discussed the reproductive process of the horseshoe crab. Though the process, by itself, is fascinating, its relationship with migrating seabirds is down right awe provoking.

It seems that the horseshoe stays in deep water during the cold of the winter. But in spring, as the days lengthen and the water begins to warm, they begin moving to shallow water. The females are larger than the males.

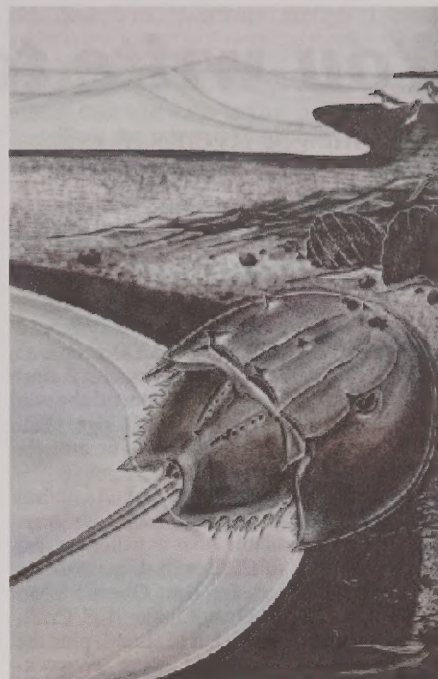
As they move toward the beaches, the males attach themselves to the back end of the females shells by special clasps on their front legs.

The horseshoes then wait for the highest tide in Mid-May. This comes either the day of the full moon or new moon nearest the middle of May. Referring to my handy *Farmers Almanac*, it would seem that May 10, 2002, the date of the New Moon, would be the date to remember for this year. On that day and for the several days around that date, hundreds of millions of horseshoes crabs will visit the east coast sand beaches of the US. Delaware Bay is supposed to be one of the best places to observe this incredible process.

The females, with their male partners, one or more, move to the high-water mark of the beaches where the female lays several thousand eggs. The male or males fertilize them and the female attempts to cover them with sand. Many of the eggs go uncovered and lie on the sand and collect in windrows that can be half a foot high. Some of the covered eggs will survive to the highest tides in June, when hatching is triggered by the high water's return.

Now what happens to the uncovered the eggs? Well, now, here is the rest of the amazing story. As the crabs head for the high-water mark, there are flocks of birds collecting half a world away. Red knots, ruddy turnstones, sandpipers, and laughing gulls have been storing fat in their bodies for their spring migration from South America to the US eastern shores. At some incredibly accurate signal, they begin their 2000 mile across-the-sea flight. Their paths head out from the northeast corner of South America, cross the Caribbean and then the Atlantic, on to our US beaches. The flight takes about 80 hours of constant pumping wing muscles and ever decreasing energy supplies. By the time they reach our beaches they are on the verge of death from exhaustion. They are desperate for a ready supply of food.

As these birds fall to the beaches, the tightly woven cycles of Nature come to their rescue in the form of the horseshoe crab eggs. The beaches become blanketed with returning birds feasting on the well-timed banquet. A miracle of Nature, yes; but one wonders of the fragility of the affair. What if the crabs did not lay enough eggs, how many of the birds would be lost? And what if the timing goes awry? Such questions do pass through the messabout boater's mind. It makes one think. But certainly it should get us off our duffs and onto the mid-May beaches, even just once, to experience first hand, this incredible union of two distinct natural cycles. It will take our breaths away.



A drawing by Karen Teramura found in *Chesapeake Bay, a Field Guide*, by Christopher P. White. To contribute your own salty experiences with nature, please e-mail Ken Murphy at <kgmurphy@erols.com>. If you do get to see the horseshoe crabs laying their eggs, please write to me about your experience.



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Activities & Events...

OkoumeStock 2002: Fourth Annual Small-Boat Festival

Two Days of Messing About in Boats on the Upper Chesapeake Bay.

In May last year, Chesapeake Light Craft's annual OkoumeStock kayak and small-boat festival drew over 300 people to Sandy Point State Park near Annapolis. A fleet of wooden kayaks and canoes dotted the waters around the Chesapeake Bay Bridge. Hundreds of people tried CLC boats or brought their own.

At heart, OkoumeStock is what small-boat enthusiasts call a Messabout. Anyone with a cartoppable boat is welcome and there are dozens of CLC-built demo boats to try. There are prizes for Best Overall Boat; Coolest Paint Job; Most Customized Craft; Longest Distance (traveled to attend) plus the coveted Annual Silly Prize. There are workshops and group discussions.

Boatbuilders and people curious about kayaks and kit boats attend the annual outdoor festival to learn craftsmanship tips, see new designs and take boats for a test-paddle. It's like a show-and-tell for boat builders.

This year, OkoumeStock will be held at YMCA Camp Letts, on the Rhode River just south of Annapolis. Festivities start Friday, May 10 with an Open Shop at Chesapeake Light Craft's factory and store, 1805 George St., Annapolis. From 12 noon to 5 pm anyone can come by to meet the staff and see how we make our kits. Refreshments are free.

On Saturday May 11 (9am - 5pm) and Sunday May 12 (9am - 2pm) we move over to the scenic Rhode River. Admission at Camp Letts is \$10 for either one or two days. Lunch is included and participants receive a CLC T-shirt.

All small sailing, paddling and rowing boats are welcome. Come sail and paddle CLC's line of over 30 boats. See and try our current crop of prototypes (the Fast Double kayak, the Chester Yawl, the as-yet-unnamed Sailing Beach Cruiser, and more). Special workshops and seminars are slated both days in the Boathouse.

Please preregister by calling Customer Service at (410) 267-0137, or preregister at <http://www.clcboats.com>; directions are online.

Chesapeake Light Craft, Annapolis, MD

Open House at Seth Persson Boat Builders

Seth Persson Boat Builders of Old Saybrook, Connecticut will host an Open House on Saturday, May 18th, 2002, from 12n to 5pm to offer an opportunity to see and try examples of the many boats and designs offered by this third generation family boatbuilding business.

Included amongst these are traditional skiffs and heavy-duty work scows, ranging from 12' to 24'; the Atlantic 17 open water rowing boat; and a 15' lightweight kayak for the beginner paddler. New designs, which will be displayed at this event, include; a 14' lightweight rowing/sailing skiff; a 12' plywood

catboat; a 16' garvey; a 16' v-bottom outboard skiff; and the 30' Expeditionary Rowing Vessel. Other boats such as the Connecticut River Pulling Boat and the Freshet class rowing boats, will also be on hand.

For more information on the Open House, our boats and boatbuilding classes, a detailed website has been created at www.perssonmfg.com. The Perssons may be contacted at (860) 388-2343, or at perssonmfg@abac.com

Seth Persson Boat Builders, Old Saybrook, CT

Boston Y.C. to Host Lawley Homecoming 2002

The Lawley Homecoming will return to Marblehead in 2002. The rendezvous and symposium will be held at the Boston Yacht Club, across the harbor from the Eastern Y.C. The symposium, open to all, will take place at the club on Saturday, July 20 from 9 to 5.

George Lawley had a very close relationship with the Boston Y.C. The History of South Boston states that, "In 1866, George Lawley went into the boat-building business in Scituate... In 1874, at the earnest solicitation of several influential members of the Boston Yacht Club, the Lawleys were induced to bring their business to South Boston where they established their shops on the property of the Boston Yacht Club..."

Readers interested in attending the Symposium are invited to inquire for further details.

Lawley Boat Owners' Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931

Newfound Rendezvous Early Alert

The Sixth Annual Newfound Rendezvous of wooden canoes and kayaks is scheduled for September 13-15 at Wellington State Park on beautiful Newfound Lake in Central New Hampshire.

Last year more than 450 people and 110 boats arrived, their proud owners coming to see what was new and to get involved in the joy of boat building. This year's event is currently being arranged and confirmed. There will be paddle making, solo canoe demonstrations, kayak rolling/safety, boating safety, canoe rescue techniques, strip building demonstrations along with good old kids' paddle painting, tool sharpening, epoxy boat repairs, a construction workshop on strip building and the very popular Paddle By.

This year's event is organized by the non-profit Newfound Rendezvous, sponsored by Newfound Woodworks of Bristol, New Hampshire. Log on to our website www.newfound.com/rendezvous to look at 2001's rendezvous pictures.

And get busy now on the boat you can bring next September!

Michael Vermouth, Newfound Woodworks, 67 Danforth Brook Rd, Bristol, NH.03222, (603) 744-6872.

WoodenBoat School 2002 Course Catalog

Our Wooden Boat School 2002 Course Catalog is out, a large tabloid newspaper for-

mat this year with all the particulars for enjoying a unique summer vacation immersed in woodenboating. Interested readers are invited to request a copy.

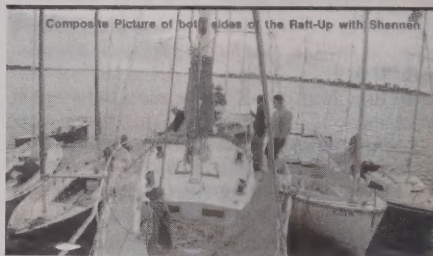
WoodenBoat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651, www.woodenboat.com

Trailer Sailor Raftup

Here is a "group photo" of our West Coast (Florida) Trailer Sailer Raft Up on February 16 with our flock's "mother hen" being friend Bob Woods' 40' Roy Graham sharpie ketch. Included in our flock were Jim's Sea Pearl, Oggie Helt's SunCat, Bud & Rhoda Tritschler's Nutshell, John Crawford's Potter 15, Steve Kingery's Windsprint and my Sea Pearl.

Readers online wishing to view more photos of our events can do so by going to <http://www.IJ.net/wctss/wctss/index.htm>.

Ron Hoddinott, West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, 12492 104th Ave. N. Largo, FL.



Adventures & Experiences...

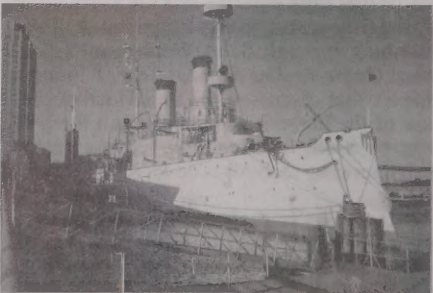
Looking Around Philly

On a recent visit to Philadelphia we went to the Seaport Maritime Museum and viewed the very active boashop and went onboard a WWII sub and the battleship *Olympia*, flagship of our Spanish American War fleet. We also crossed over to Camden to go onboard the 850' battleship *New Jersey*.

Jeff Hillier, N. Hampton, NH



The Seaport Museum's active boatshop.



The 1890 battleship *Olympia*.



The WWII battleship *New Jersey* takes aim at the Ben Franklin Bridge. Those 16 inchers could throw a shell 23 miles!

Opinions...

Safety 1st Does Not Mean Never Leaving the Playpen

Who is the bikinied woman staring into the camera from beyond the Hobie Cat in Hugh Hagan's splendid "The String is the River" (March 1, 2002)? Hagan says almost nothing about girls and women, but his article rewards a second reading, and a second look. How did she like *The River*? Or did her parents forbid her to enjoy the activities Hagan describes? Is she responsible for making the United States less safe than it was in 1965?

The March 1 issue may become a historical document, for it provides key insights into a changed nation. On the one hand, its stories of dinghy cruising, kayak adventuring (including repairing collision damage), and especially Hagan's boyhood environment suggest that *MAIB* authors (male and female both) behave pretty competently in ways that demand and reward verve. On the other, the "Operation Boat Smart" piece telling us to wear our PFDs all the time fails to explain why so many small boat corpses test so high for alcohol (maybe the Coasties' experiment with Prohibition makes them skittish about banning beer, but drunkenness remains the Great Secret of Coast Guard safety efforts).

Hagan points out that parents nowadays worry about their children a lot, but mostly I think we middle-aged parents fear human evil over natural calamity. Yet something has gone missing from the younger generation. I benefited from a waterfront boyhood too: Falling overboard through skim ice focuses one's attention almost as much as discovering thirty gallons of gasoline sloshing in the bilge beneath an overheating four-cylinder inboard. My boatbuilder father insisted on us having lifejackets aboard and taught us that real men had them on before something extreme happened. We valued extremity and so wore them most of the time, hoping for something exciting. Like the first aid kit and the second fire extinguisher mounted in the bow (where you will likely be when the outboard explodes in flames), the PFDs emboldened us. We knew hypothermia as a likelihood, we feared estuary undertow, and we learned to calculate our chances, always adding in PFDs as a plus for our side, right up there with our unerring sense of direction and perfect knowledge of under-water hazards.

Somehow, television, organized sports, and other programmed activities sliced my sons' generation from the juicy, creative, and instructive living Hagan describes. Boy Scouts taught them a lot and everyday life taught them something too. But when other parents refused

to let their children roam the woods and swamps with them or come over to play with the power tools the twins wanted at age ten, I started wondering. I think that many parents found themselves trapped by feminist equality ideology. Parents, especially mothers, forbid sons to do things as a way of preventing daughters from doing them. Equality went only so far, and stopped at the marsh, at old boats with split garboard strakes, at experiments involving the making of catamarans from dissimilar rowboats or building diving gear. In 1980, when the Senate exempted women from the draft, a lot of feminist energy dissipated, leaving behind only echoes, and a growing feeling of betrayal that girls still cannot play with boys.

After twenty-five years of university teaching, I know that my women undergraduates often discover that mom did some hair-whitening things (frequently on the water) that she now keeps as secret as her 1968 itty-bitty bikini. Men and women students alike know, or suspect, that their fathers engaged in all sorts of outdoor activities still pretty much off limits to women (one told me that I had never done illegal drugs because I lived in a time when adrenaline was legal) and sometimes blurt out that they are jealous not only of what fathers did in boyhood but are angry that they do not get the same chance.

Only in private do my male students complain that United States culture has made all sorts of male activity wrong and that grandma's stories about mom suggest that a generation ago girls knew some reasons to wear a PFD too. Many of these young men long for girlfriends who can do things outdoors, often in canoes, kayaks, and small boats, rather than spend days outlet-mall shopping. It is a pity that mom gave up the feminist fight and pushed her daughters into soccer rather than off the wharf. It is a worse pity that so many young men and women know they lack the skills to respond well in all sorts of emergencies and therefore fear to try all sorts of outdoor activities. Safety first does not mean never leaving the playpen.

John R. Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

More Than Life Jackets are Needed

"Operation Boat Smart:" in the March 1 issue uses the statistical approach and certainly if you are going to "Boat Dumb" then to always have your life jacket (PFD) on and fastened is a great idea. I often kayak in 1' - 2' of water and don't have a jacket with me.

It seems that the life jacket is needed after the first or second or third dumb thing that happens (when the dominos begin to fall). Let's not have a law that LJs have to be worn. There are plenty of times, when it is not necessary.

Let's boat smart. Have a jacket handy or on if you like. When the weather threatens, deep water, big waves, traffic, cold weather, towing, locking, or working off the boat, get the jacket on.

Boat smart by not making the first mistake.

Don't drink and boat.

Check the weather and the tide before leaving the dock.

Have life jackets that fit for everyone and where you can reach them.

Use a boat checklist before leaving the dock: Bilge, oil, gas, anchor, rode, battery, ra-

dio, spare hats, sunscreen, motion sickness stuff, sorry, I almost live in the tropics, exposure suits and whatever.

Remember it is always easier to fix it ashore than when you get out on the water.

Train the mate so that she or he can run the boat. Treat her or him well enough so that she or he will come back and get you in case of SOB (skipper over board).

Don't boat with idiots... leave the dock before they arrive.

Obey the rules of the road. Bigger boats have the right of way. Avoid them. Smaller boats are a lot of fun to look at so go really slow, without a wake, while you go around them. Commercial guys are trying to make a living in a tough, tough world. Don't be one of their problems. Stay way way out of the way.

If you start out and the weather or the seas turn bad or you find you are not ready or one of the idiots got on the boat, do a 180 turn and go home.

Stay in deep water unless you are sinking and then do the opposite.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL

More on Human Power

I have been especially intrigued with the articles on human powered and electrically powered boats. If I may make a suggestion it would be to not pass up on any more like these.

Martin Neunzert, Ogden, UT

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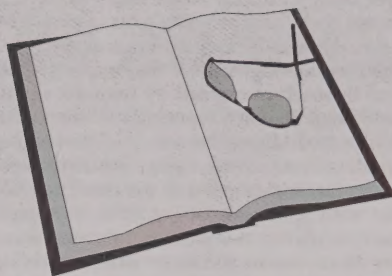
www.sailboatpartners.com

Black Jacks: African American Seamen in the Age of Sail

By W. Jeffrey Bolster
310 Pages, \$27

Harvard University Press, 1997

Review by Brandon Astor Jones



Book Reviews

"When His Majesty's ship, *Leopard*, forced the United States Ship *Chesapeake* to surrender off the Virginia Capes in 1807, and sullied American national honor by impressing American men, two of the four impressed sailors were men of color. White dominated national memory veiled that fact..."

The misconception that African-Americans have had little to do with the shaping of this nation is widely held. If all Americans were to read W. Jeffrey Bolster's *Black Jacks: African American Seamen in the Age of Sail*, this misconception would quickly be dispelled. If I had my druthers, it would be required reading for all people, everywhere.

Bolster's book was published while he was an assistant professor of history at the University of New Hampshire in 1997. He is a professional seaman who holds a master mariner's license. Among the many informational sources cited by Bolster in *Black Jacks* is the noted historian, Joseph P. Reidy. Professor Reidy currently teaches at Howard University in Washington, D.C. He has spent the past eight years studying African-Americans' involvement in the Civil War, especially as related to U.S. Naval Service.

One of the long series of events that precipitated the War of 1812 was the encounter between *H.M.S. Leopard* and the *U.S.S. Chesapeake*. At the time that the *Chesapeake's* captain, James Lawrence, shouted his famous words to his crew, "Don't give up the ship!" American hopes for uninterrupted peaceful commerce at sea were being incrementally dashed. Impressment into the British Navy had become commonplace.

Americans who would not submit to service aboard British vessels were imprisoned for years in the British Admiralty's dreaded Dartmoor Prison. This desolate and unforgiving prison situated amid England's Devonshire moor was the place of death for many during their incarceration. Some Americans did not even make it to the prison; death overtook them during the march they were forced to endure in order to reach it. By the end of 1813, six thousand prisoners of war were being held at Dartmoor. Nearly one thousand of that number were African-Americans. It is as sad as it is ironic that, as horrible a place as it was, for a time Black seamen were treated with a good deal more dignity and respect while they were in that English prison than they were, regardless of whether they were free or enslaved, in America.

"Racial segregation at Dartmoor Prison initially existed only within messes, the groups of six men who were issued food together. This changed once Americans mustered sufficient numbers to assert themselves against the French prisoners, and once the Black population swelled enough that White sailors perceived it as threatening. Ten months after the

first Americans arrived, some Whites petitioned Captain Cotgrave "to have the Black prisoners separated."

As I read *Black Jacks*, the issue of reparations came to mind. I found myself thinking, anyone who is opposed to repairing the long-standing damage that American style racism has done to African-Americans should consider the plight of Black Mariners. You see, those seamen, cooks, mates and even the occasional Northern captain were not allowed to disembark under any circumstances in many ports, especially Southern ones. Some of the locals' concerns had to do with the fact that many Black mariners helped slaves escape.

"For Charleston slaveholders, racial worries shadowed commercial profits. 'Scarcely a vessel... arrives in our port from the North,' they lamented in 1823, 'which has not two or three, or more Black (here, read 'free') persons employed.' Whites prophesied that their slaves would 'be seduced from service of their masters in greater numbers' and that 'Abolition Societies of the North would intrigue, through this class of persons, with our slave population.'

Not only were those Black seamen who ventured ashore arrested and imprisoned, but very often even those who did not disembark were forcibly taken from their vessels and jailed for the duration of their vessels' time in port. Moreover, they were made to pay for the confinement, food and paperwork provided by the local sheriff. A seaman's pay was precious little in those days. Nevertheless, "...some ships' captains passed on the cost of imprisonment to the Black hands. 'We had to pay our jail fees, the Recorder's and officer's bills,' seamen after a stint in the New Orleans prison.

The expenses were not inconsequential. In November 1843, Captain Dill of the brig *Penguin* paid \$23.43 for 'arrest, registry, dieting, etc. of Robert White, John Pluten, and Richard Fabler, colored seamen,' in Charleston. In 1844 a ship's agent in New Orleans paid \$8.25 'for taking the Cook out of jail.' Cooks then earned only \$16 to \$20 per month, and seamen a few dollars less. Black mariners absorbing the cost of a southern port stay found weeks or even months of their wages deducted."

While I suspect that Bolster's writing of this book was not intended to be an argument in support of paying reparations to African-Americans for the past evil and lingering residue of slavery in America, it is my opinion that, no matter how inadvertently, he has made one of the best cases that I have read, to date, for doing precisely that.

More than a few readers will rightly wonder why such a work as *Black Jacks: African American Seamen in the Age of Sail*, which is extremely enlightening, even though it covers but a fraction of the nineteenth century African-American experience, is sitting so quietly on American book store shelves. I urge you to read this book!

Flying Cloud The True Story of America's Most Famous Clipper Ship & The Woman Who Guided Her

By David W. Shaw
Harper Collins Publishing, New York, NY,
2000

Review by Mary J. Fiske

Everyone knows the story of *Flying Cloud* which, on her maiden voyage in 1851, traveling from New York to San Francisco set a record for an eighty nine day passage. This record remained unbroken for more than a century. What history doesn't tell us is that the navigator of this fleet clipper was a woman. Her name was Eleanor Cressy. At the time when most women were relegated to waiting on shore, Eleanor through her wits and skill, charted a record breaking course to San Francisco sailing with her husband Josiah Perkins Cressy as an equal partner in the navigation of *Flying Cloud*.

David W. Shaw's book, *Flying Cloud*, eloquently and dramatically reconstructs the nineteenth century conditions on a clipper ship for her passengers and crew. Using log entries, letters, diaries of passengers, and some conjecture, David Shaw brings to life what happened on that historic voyage.

The Captain and crew drove the ship hard. The faster they could get to San Francisco, the more quickly they could earn a profit for her owners. Passengers aboard a clipper ship had a faster and safer trip to the gold fields of California than by traveling the overland route. *Flying Cloud* and her crew were also trying to beat the record of another clipper, *Surprise*, which had made the trip in ninety-six days. There were hopes and wagers on the first trip of what was thought to be the fastest clipper to come out of Donald McKay's shipyard in East Boston. However, a dismasting, sabotage and ferocious storms nearly scuppered the trip. David Shaw describes these events through a focus on Eleanor.

Eleanor and Perkins were married and promptly set out to sea. They were a team and worked for Grinnel, Minturn & Company, sailing their merchant ships all over the world with trade goods. Not only was Eleanor the navigator on board, she served as the ship's doctor and when there were passengers, hostess as well. David Shaw makes Eleanor and *Flying Cloud* come alive in his book. Although many pictures survive of *Flying Cloud* and her captain, there are no pictures recorded of Eleanor. However, after reading this marvelous book, you will have a clear picture of what life was like on *Flying Cloud's* record breaking journey. You will get to know her unheralded navigator as well.

Snow Row 2002

By Bob Hicks

The official results announced that 61 boats crewed by 196 athletes took part in this year's Snow Row at Windmill Point in Hull, Massachusetts on March 2. Whatta showing of the big boats, six oared gigs (12), coxed fours (6), whaleboats (3), and livery quads (3). Smaller single and double livery and work boats numbered 19; kayaks made a big return this year with 13 (the biggest single class entry); and two solo and one double Alden appeared. Lo, a single outrigger canoe also showed up and did rather well too, placing 9th overall.

It was a nice warm early March day with a steady southwest breeze across Hingham Bay and the 3.5 mile triangular course. The beach was packed with boats and people, lots of fans came in the fine weather. They were not disappointed, the appearance again of the Cornwall, UK rowers, again bringing across one of their own boats, sparked the "international" competitive juices. Three full crews of women and another of women/men mixed enhanced interest, especially as they all compete head to head in the same adult gig class, no special class for the women or mixed crews. And the three youth pilot gigs and three youth coxed fours included an extra generation.

The Sound School's *Sound* came home first a minute ahead of the UK mixed crew in the borrowed *Mike Jenness Sr.*, which in turn barely edged the *Jenness* owners, Team Saquish, rowing the *Spirit of Otter Creek*, borrowed from the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum. Their own other gig, *Saquish*, was already committed to their women crew. Nice how these treasured boats, the products of great commitment and effort by their owners/builders were so generously shared around. Another gig, LCMM's *Redwing*, took 7th overall.

Sound was technically not a youth gig this year as one crew member had not gotten home from a trip in time to make the race and had been replaced by a 21 year old graduate of the Sound School program. This very slightly modified youth crew reversed last year's close loss to the UK crew. And how about those UK folks, fielding mixed and women's crews to even the odds for better racing! The youth gigs were topped by *Sound*'s closest rival, *Recovery*, all the way from North Haven, Maine, their 38:20 just outside the top ten finisher list.

The fastest of the smaller boats was the *Daniel J. Murphy*, a modified Monument River Wherry rowed by the Carter Brothers to a fifth overall. Craig Wolfe tied that 5th overall in his Alden Shell, barely edging out Kinley Gregg by 35 seconds. Kinleys' effort garnered her an 8th overall. Rounding out the top 10 were the two man outrigger canoe of Bill Gerlack and Don Keilly and the six oared whaleboat from New Bedford's Whaling City Rowing Club.

As always, for those of us who attend this pre-season event each year, the scene stirs up hibernating boating enthusiasm as the long (although quite mild this year) winter here in the northeast drags into its final days. So, less-see, what'll we aim for this year?



The rush for the finish led by *Sound*, followed by the close battle for 2nd, a scant minute behind, between *Mike Jenness Sr.* and *Spirit of Otter Creek*, and less than a minute later the amazing four oared curragh from South Boston.



Cornwall UK was back in force this year. Their all women crew rowed *Siren*, their own gig brought over for the race. Their mixed crew of four women and two men rowed in the borrowed *Mike Jenness Sr.* to a close second overall and in the adult gig class.

Snow Row Top Ten

1 - <i>Sound</i>	Adult/Open Pilot Gig	Sound School	33:40
2 - <i>Mike Jenness Sr.</i>	Adult Pilot Gig	Cornwall UK	34:20
3 - <i>Spirit of Otter Creek</i>	Adult Pilot Gig	Team Saquish	34:27
4 - Unamed Currach	Livery Quad	S. Boston RC	36:00
5 - <i>Daniel J. Murphy</i>	Livery Double	Carter Bros.	36:54
5 - Unamed	Alden Single	Craig Wolfe	36:54
7 - <i>Redwing</i>	Adult Pilot Gig	Lake Champlain MM	36:58
8 - Unamed	Alden Single	Kinley Gregg	37:29
9 - Unamed	Outrigger Dble	Gerlack/Kelty	37:32
10- <i>Flying Fish</i>	Adult Whaleboat	Whaling City RC	37:51

The coxed four *Kate Walker* was loaned to John Gardner Community Boating by Floating the Apple. Looks as if *Kate* may be a learner boat back home in Manhattan.



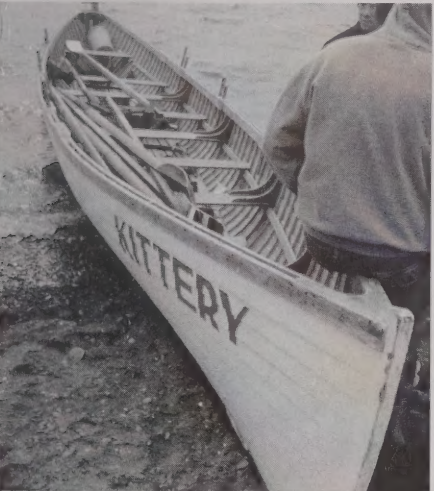
Class Winners (in order of times)

Adult/Open Pilot Gig	<i>Sound</i>	Sound School,	33:40
Livery Quad	Unamed Currach	S. Boston RC	36:00
Livery Double	<i>Daniel J. Murphy</i>	Carter Bros.,	36:54
Alden Single	Unamed	Gerlack/Kelley,	37:32
Adult Whaleboat	<i>Flying Fish</i>	Whaling City RC,	37:51
Youth Pilot Gig	<i>Recovery</i>	North Haven, ME,	38:20
Livery Single	<i>Linda Marie</i>	Paul Neil,	38:43
Alden Double	Unamed	Martell/Munro,	39:21
Kayak Single	Unamed	Chip Eichorn,	39:37
Youth Coxed Four	<i>1st Constitution</i>	Sound School,	42:23
Adult Coxed Four	<i>Sacred Cod</i>	Hull Lifesaving	43:55
Workboat Double	Unamed Dory	Jenness/Sierveld,	45:16
Workboat Single	Unamed Dory	Pete Corbett,	54:45
Youth Barge	<i>Red Barge</i>	Team Recovery	1:01:18





A dramatic mid-field finish as a four man currach edges out a livery double and a whaleboat.



Saquish, crewed by the Team Saquish women's crew, topped the three female teams with a 38:34.

Paul Neil continues to impress all with his performances in the Adirondack Guideboat, his Livery Boat Single Class winning time of 38:43 was over 5 minutes better then the class runner up, and just 5 minutes off overall 1st!



A look at some gigs. From the top: *Spirit of Otter Creek* and *Osprey* from the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum; *Kittery* and *Blue Hill* from the Hull Lifesaving Museum.



The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum brought down three gigs from Burlington, Vermont, lending one to the Team Saquish folks who had lent their primo gig, *Mike Jenness, Sr.* to the Cornwall UK team. We caught the LCMM crew loading up *Red Wing* and thought it quite a feat to get the big boat into its trailer, but we missed the real feat, getting *Osprey* "trailer topped".



The South Boston Rowing Club's newest 4 place curragh was built for last year's Snow Row, came back this year for a fourth overall, 2:20 behind the winning gig. Their class competition were two curragh quads from the Albany, New York Rowing Club. No feathering of these oars, hardly any blades to catch crabs with anyway. How do they do it?

**Give to me and I will give to you,
says the Lord"**
(Milachi 3:6)

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About this *Daniel J. Murphy*

Certainly one of the fastest oar on gunwale rowing boats on our New England waters, *Daniel J. Murphy* is not easily classified. The Carter brothers, Don and Dustin, rowed the boat home 5th overall and 1st in the livery double class, so I guess it's a livery double.

The design? Well, it's a derivative of the Piscataqua River wherry rowed successfully for years by Dan O'Reilly and assorted oarmates. Jon Aborn of Cape Cod used the Piscataqua as a basis for his Monument River wherry design, which became remarkably successful as a home conceived and built competitive open water boat. Andy Hall then stretched the Monument River single design to 22' to make it a double, and built *Daniel J. Murphy*.

When the boat (still unnamed at that time) turned up for sale in a classified ad, Don Carter and Anne Farrington bought it on the spur of the moment and embarked on a four year spree winning races. Often Anne crews with Don, but when it gets really serious or tough going, Don's brother Dustin replaces her at the oars. Such was the case at the Snow Row. Anne was assiduously videotaping the Murphy's winning participation. Does Anne resent being shunted aside? Not a bit," says she, "we wanna win!"

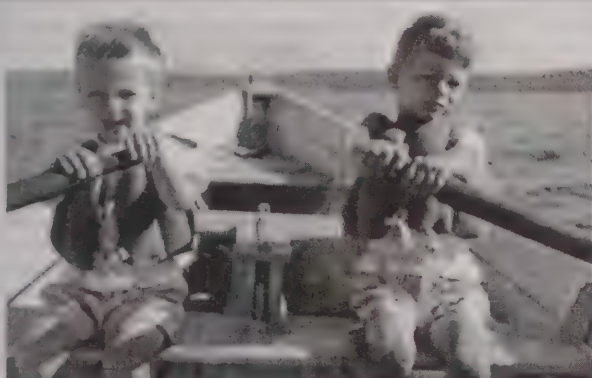
And, *Daniel J. Murphy*? An older sailing pal during Don's 20 or so years of sail racing. Now deceased, his name carries on in the hands of his long time friend. "Seemed like a nice way to remember him," Anne explains.



Clockwise from the left: The Carters get off the beach, and 37 minutes later cross the finish a solid fifth overall with a minute and a half lead in the livery doubles class. *Daniel J. Murphy* on the beach. Boat co-owner Anne Farrington videotapes her partner Don, "flushed" with the win.

Congratulations, Carter Brothers!

Another Snow Row Win
In the *Daniel J. Murphy*
Saturday, March 2, 2002
Livery Boat - Doubles 36:54



Little Dustin circa 195? Little Mac

Proving Once Again That Pain Is Weakness Leaving Your Body.



Julia May and Nina enter the cut.

Wherein the old sailor sets the scene, introduces the company and prepares to launch. The schooner is finished on the beach.

It was, by my reckoning, the eighth annual Kokopelli. Some would argue otherwise, claiming that the early ones don't count since there was no one to corroborate how much serious sailing got done or whether any decent wines got drunk. Regardless, the Koko is now universally recognized as a beach cruising classic.

We surpassed last year, not only in number of participants, but in variety of boats. Dennis Bradley (no stranger to these pages) and his lovely wife Linda, in the big Ford diesel, trailing the Long Micro, *Julia May*, rolled into town from Minnesota a day early, allowing us a day of sightseeing, because, can you believe it, I was all packed to go.

Saturday September 29: We loaded the coolers and were on 170 west by noon. First stop was Green River where we pulled over to see Larry Bowerman, the melon mogul. Alas, Larry was off chasing melons but a couple of elderly ladies helped us stock up on breakfast melons and a big Wassermelon for desert.

About 1700 we pulled up at Hog Springs a few miles east of the Bullfrog turnoff. No sooner had we sampled the facilities and taken a turn around the grounds than up rolled Steve Axon and Chuck Schamel with Jay Lapreau's Laser piggybacking Steve's Sea Pearl. We returned up the road a few miles to a dandy camping spot and proceeded to settle in.

About the time we got Nina's deck laid with goodies and some corks extracted, Dwight and Joan Nicholson arrived with their lovely dark blue Exploration 18 and matching pickup. During the following week this boat was referred to, often as not, as the Expedition 18, which may cause some confusion. She was built in Canada and the heavy steel centreplate and sliding gunter rig indicated English influence.

Rocking & Rolling At Kokopelli

By Jim Thayer & Steve Axon

Photos by Axon, Bradley, Thayer

After some dedicated snacking Linda laid on some pasta with a great veggie sauce. The moon was up early to chase the sun away and it was too warm to fire the wood I had collected, so we just sat around and reveled in the silver rays.

Come Sunday morn I poked my head out to find Dewitt Smith and his Bolger Folding Schooner, *Flecha del Mar*, parked right behind me. Dewitt and Jay had crawled in after midnight and I hadn't heard a thing. A serious breakfast was largely forgone in favor of talking boats. The folding schooner came in for a deal of comment.

I had built the thing in my landlady's backyard about 20 years ago when I was teaching up in Severna Park, Maryland. I never quite got it finished and when I went back to Virginia it got parked in the jungle where the vines made a rush for it. When Dewitt mentioned one day that he would kind of like to have a folding schooner. I fell on him like a starving man.

He missed getting it to Starvation and, although he rallied the Salt Lake gang to work on it several evenings, it still wasn't done. He brought her anyway. I had gotten the sails and the rest of the spars done and I hoped we had enough gear to get it together.

By 9:30 we were on the road for Bullfrog where we found most of the motorboats in the west. It was the last day of Utah school break and there was about a half mile line at the ramp. A bit of driving around turned up Tom Gale with his Birdwatcher and his father-in-law, Jack Hicks with a neat rowing boat.

Steve and Dwight put in at the steep bank at the marina and headed for Hall's Creek Bay via the pass. Dennis, needing good footing and deep water for his outfit, rigged up and got in line for the ramp. Tom, Jack and I put in at the beach just below the "No Launching" sign. Ah! Where was Dewitt?

Dennis and I found him up at the RV park where he had AC for his tools. The main job was mounting the great rainbow tiller which arched up over the motor and then down to the skipper's hand where he lounged in the stern sheets. It was an awesome item. We finished up a few other details and then hauled her down to the beach for the great unfolding.

Dennis and Dewitt worked on rigging while I put grommets in the mainsail. Alas, she leaked. Several gallons per hour as it turned out. We laid her over but the cause was not apparent. Luckily Dewitt was stocked with large tight lidded plastic tubs for his gear. The afternoon was waning so there was nothing for it but to make an offing, keep the bucket handy and hope for the best.

Wherein the old sailor is beset by motorboats but wins through. Shipwreck averted by quick work of the entire company. Safe harbor and epicurean feast.

I was away while Dewitt was still loading. The wind was light but I was moving and figured to cut a rocky point closely. With a cb boat one doesn't worry overmuch about the possibility of shallow water. Well, I almost got shaken out of the boat. At Powell there are always wakes and when they hit shallow water they can get quite excited. The proper bottom configuration can produce remarkable results. I remember once we were sitting in lawn chairs in about a foot of water when, suddenly, a wave rose up and jumped in our laps.

Once clear of the point, I headed across the bay for the pass, a route that took me right across the fairway leading to the launch ramp. I was soon being knocked about most rudely.

Powerboats were zooming by oblivious to anything not directly in their path. I began to lament my predicament in highly adjectival language which, even as an old sailor, I seldom employ.

A moment's reflection, however, suggested that these egomaniacal clods were in fact fellow human beings, perhaps not really so different from my friends and neighbors, or perish the thought, myself.

A sudden and powerful epiphany came upon me, like a great mothering bird, bearing me aloft, stilling the rancor, soothing the fevered brow, and calming the frazzled nerves. Looking down from on high I realized that they bore me no animosity. Zigzagging crazily, their DNA altered by generations of hydrocarbon contamination, they must have noise and blurred scenery for their bodies to function.

The larger boats are analogous to horseflies, the ski boats and other boomers fill the same pestiferous niche as mosquitoes, and jetskis are simply gnats. There is no legal repellent. The best bet is to just avoid their haunts. We may have to cross Builfrog off our list. My newfound equanimity was to be sorely tested before the week was out.

It was slow going and before I was halfway across Dennis came along and I took a tow. Due to the low lake level we only had knee deep water through the pass. Everybody made it except Dennis who grounded. We tried putting a crew on the rail but all the weight put the chine on the bottom. With his tall unstayed mast, Dennis thought tailing on the halyard was too risky. We had to leave the *Julia May* behind but Dennis and Linda came along in their dinghy, a Bolger Nymph.

Our new recruits, the Nicholsons, had arrived midday, put up an elegant fly and were now into fajita preparation. Soon surfeited, the group lapsed into somnolence at an early hour, without fire or fanfare.

Wherein we achieve an early start but breakfast gives time for contemplation. Innovative gally amazes all. Mysterious stranger welcomed. Long slow passage tests fortitude.

I had anchored out and was up at first light, making sail as Jack rowed by. It was a lovely time of day, and scooting along at half a knot, I had plenty of time to admire the artistic preparations of old Sol for the day's heating and lighting work. Constrained to work 12-7 with never a day off, he could be excused some sloppy presentations, but at Powell, he nearly always does a first rate job, bringing up the light ever so slowly, back lighting the clouds in the east, painting tips of hills to the west, then seductively rolling down the shadows to reveal the voluptuous forms poised above the indigo waters.

To be sure, he is often overbearing during the day, baking away the wind, burning the skin, and searing the eyeballs, but he makes amends as he drops down toward his digs in the west. Even after a hard day striding across the heavens, sucking up countless billions of tons of water and charging up a world of chlorophyll, he still takes time to gently paint the western sky with delicate shades of yellow and rose, all the while pulling down the gowns of mauve and magenta against the lecherous gaze of the moon which is even then leering in the east.

Ah, me! The mind does seem to wander



Joan and Dwight, los cocineros de fujitas.



Dennis the dinghy chef.
Easily handled schooner.





while sailing o'er the limpid sea. The going was so deliberate that I hauled out the stove and brewed a cup. Thus energized, I got on the oars and was soon at the Bradley camp just east of the pass.

Dennis, ever the inventive fellow, had outdone himself this time. He had propped up the dinghy and outfitted it as a proper galley, safe from the sand and with a comfortable seat. Therein ensconced, the King of Cakes regally flipped and served as all drew nigh.

While munching melon and chomping cakes we espied an approaching rowboat of curious configuration. It turned out to be a 15' tin canoe with riggers and sliding seat. Lo and behold, this fellow, who had been a week upon the waters, had once been in my yard considering a proper rowboat.

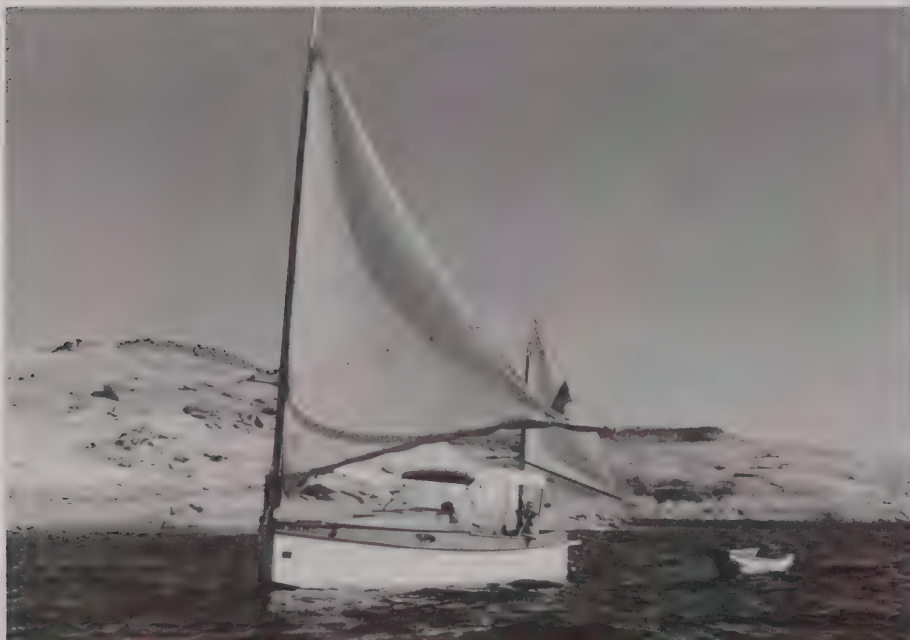
Because we couldn't get Dennis' boat through the pass, we gave up our proposed tour of the Waterpocket Fold and headed instead, back across Bullfrog and then SE to Moiki canyon. It was slow going and Dennis gave me a tow across the fairway, after which we

Left: Caulking schooner.

Below: Schooner with rainbow tiller.



Julia May reefed. A rare sight.



frittered away the afternoon plodding down toward the main channel.

Upon reaching Moki, Dennis fired up to go looking for the camp while I alternately rowed and drifted. Finally I came upon Steve having a bath and reluctantly accepted a tow to the end of North Gulch.

Dennis was involved with his famous potato salmon soup with real leeks and a touch of dill. Jay arrived in the nick of time and the schooner soon after. Dewitt and Chuck had careened the schooner and closed the joint between hulls with 5200 and duct tape. The flow was nearly stanchied.

After blowing away Linda's chocolate banana cream pie, all hands gathered around the schooner for the official christening. Dewitt spent rather too much on Neptune and the bow, to anguished cries of the waiting cups.

There followed a mellow evening with nice fire, by whose flickering light, three liters of Riunite met their coup de grace, a fate preordained.

Wherein our boon companion and stalwart sailor, Steve Axon, shares some thoughts and observations.

The Ghost Of Kokopelli

Kokopelli 2001 featured a fleet of 8 boats, a crew of 11 experienced campers and sailors, and almost no wind. By my reckoning, we had only three hours of breeze above five knots in our seven day trip. With the lack of wind, we were unable to cover much ground, so gave up on the plans to sail east to Hite. We wound up mooching around the Bullfrog area all week, which was not a terrible fate since some of the best canyons on Lake Powell are in that area.

This sort of sailing from a base camp will probably be the trend of future Kokopellis, for the big, diverse group we're attracting is hard to coordinate and keep together. And only certain parts of the lake (where soft formations hit the shoreline) have the big beaches needed for camping with such a crowd. Mainly, we run into the old question of whether it is politically correct to use an engine when the wind quits. The first one to fire up in a calm was subjected to the usual ridicule, and each evening around the campfire there are fresh stories about the indignities that drunken, ignorant and callous power boaters had heaped upon our small fleet.

Our fearless leader led the chorus in these diatribes, even though he himself had been towed into camp that very day. He would accept the rode reluctantly and only after the sun was far under the yardarm. Cocktails were waiting, and it was time for desperate measures! But after a few drinks, the long face would come out, and he would inevitably comment on what a terrible thing it was for sailors to motor in. Rather reminds me of the Amish, who don't drive, but depend upon their neighbors for daily rides into town, all the time maintaining their moral high ground.

Anyway, it was too bad we had so little wind, because our diverse fleet would have been interesting to test against each other. We ranged in length from 31' to 13', and had both short beamy boats like the Nina and pencil thin craft like the folding schooner. Rigs ran from simple Bermuda catboats, to gaff and sprit sails, to the full schooner. And displacements ranged from less than 200lbs, to over 2000lbs.

Phil Bolger was well represented, with

Dewitt's 31' folding schooner, Dennis' 19' Long Micro, and Tom Gates' Birdwatcher. These are all sharpie hulls, with flat bottoms, hard chines, and lots of rocker. The schooner is a featherweight, with 1/4" ply construction, while the Birdwatcher and Micro are quite solid cruisers. The differences in rigs clearly affected their sailing performance more than the varying weight or length.

Dewitt had a low aspect gaff schooner rig, which proved to be a great arrangement on a reach but had lots of overlap downwind, and not much power on a beat to windward. Of course, his 4' beam and light displacement wouldn't hold up much sail going to windward anyway. It was a constant thrill to see this boat in the distance, perhaps coming around a headland, her proportions giving the delusion of a Bluenose fisherman sailing in. Perhaps most impressive was her ability to lie happily on her side on the beach, making the frequent bottom work a convenient task.

Dennis had the standard cat yawl rig on his Long Micro, with its huge sprit rigged main, which moved the heavy cruiser along well. His power to weight ratio may be the lowest in the group, or perhaps that honor goes to the Nina? But that 2,000 pound box sails nicely, and even looks handsome thanks to Dennis' fine paint job and finishing touches.

Tom's Birdwatcher was also a heavy sharpie, with a 1" plywood floor, and a big load of water and camping gear. Tom had cut the sides down fore and aft to make more traditional cockpits. I thought they improved the looks of the boat, and made for more comfortable spots to sail and anchor from, though he did sacrifice the ability to withstand a knockdown that the high sides were designed to give. Not to worry though, the boat seemed plenty stiff. He had salvaged a high aspect sloop rig from some wooden one-design, and while not a lot of sail for the weight of the boat, they really moved her along. I would guess that she was the fastest of the sharpies, for I couldn't catch her in the Pearl on a run or a reach.

We also had a nice selection of pure "beach cruisers", open boats designed to carry lots of camping gear, and be dragged ashore at night. I had my veteran 21' Sea Pearl, Jim had his trusty 18' Nina, and Dwight had his lovely Expedition 18, all double enders with centerboards. The Nina is quite beamy, the Pearl (too) narrow, and the Expedition somewhere between. The rigs are where the most variety is found, and seem to be the area where we can still make the biggest improvements.

Jim had a new, taller Bermuda cut main, and bigger mizzen too on his cat yawl. His spars get longer, lighter and handsomer each trip, as he masters the hollow barrell construction technique he learned from Robb White. The main is designed to roller furl, and seemed to work quite well in light wind tests. His sprit mizzen is just big enough to head the boat into the wind while he reefs the main, which is its critical task. The boat sailed to windward much better than last year's steep lug rig, and is probably Jim's most successful arrangement to date, though I believe the exceptionally stiff Nina could handle still more sail. Incidentally, Lake Powell, with its light winds and constant recycling powerboat chop, is a tough place for any rig with spars aloft, since they get bounced around so frequently, spilling what little wind there is.

(To Be Continued)



Here come de Birdwatcher.



Nina with light air.

Exploration.



Around Saint John, New Brunswick, the Reversing Falls are generally referred to as "The Falls". It's a quirk of nature that has turned what could have been a muddy river with wide sloping slippery, glutinous banks, similar to the other rivers that flow into the Bay of Fundy, into the Rhine of America! The narrow rocky gorge through which the river flows back and forth, changes the 25'-35' tidal range of the Bay, to a mere 1-1/2' in the lower reaches of the river, and it peters out some 70 miles up!

The members of the Royal Kennebecasis

Looking Back...

The Falls

By Bill Gamblin

Yacht Club have had races in the Bay of Fundy for many years. The loss of the *Primrose* on August 21, 1896, happened in a squall during



Revesing Falls near slack water.

Reversing Falls during ebb flow.



a race in the bay. Two of my friends were involved, one because he was there and grabbed a bucket to hang onto, the other missed a train and the race. Anyway, there is a long history of racing in the bay, so the news that there would be a day of races in 1937 was welcomed. A harbour race for small boats and a race off the islands for the large boats.

About eight small boats turned out on the Saturday morning to pick up a tow from a power boat which was to take us through the falls. It was a smooth ride, being at ebb tide slack, when the level of the river and the bay were the same, with the tide in the bay falling. Our start came shortly after our arrival. The course was out of the harbour to a bell buoy, then back into the harbour, round a spar buoy and then home.

We started the race and soon found it very good going out, and very bad coming back! The ebb tide was getting stronger by the minute, and the wind was just nice for a summer afternoon's sail, but for a race against a tide like that, it was about as effective as Paddy's Hurricane. We finally made it to where the spar buoy was, to find it was appearing about once a minute! The tide sweeping down through the narrow gorge below the falls was keeping the spar buoy under water most of the time!

We took a wide turn around its presumed position, since every time it appeared it was in a different spot. A few minutes after we rounded the buoy, it disappeared to remain under water for over an hour. What the following boats used as a racing mark I don't know, for I wouldn't go near that buoy without seeing it! The spar was the size of a very large telephone pole, and it was swinging through an arc of 200 yards!

After we rounded the spar buoy it was just a short distance to the finish. We tied up at South Wharf and traded stories with other crews until it was almost time to get underway for the trip back to the club. Then we couldn't find the power boat to tow us back! We had a choice to make, to stay or to go. It was about half an hour until slack tide, so we took off, with a light breeze from the SW to help us along.

The fleet got strung out when we were on the harbour side of the falls. The swirls and whirls that look like pretty little decorations from the bridge look a bit different when viewed from a small boat! With *Venture* being in the lead we came to the narrowest part of the channel first. Between Crow Island and Union Point, the pulp mill is an area that is passable for approximately 10 minutes every 6 hours.

As we drew near, a slight ridge appeared on the surface of the water, if there had been more wind it wouldn't have been noticeable as it stretched from one shore to the other. In *Venture* we crossed the ridge with barely any motion, but then we came into the wind to wait for the rest of the fleet to come past. It was fascinating watching that ridge! It grew, and grew, and grew! Surprising to see it, but not so surprising when you consider that the tide rises more than an inch per minute. The last boat came through, with a jump of 12", the water being just as smooth as a quilt laid on a lawn. With all the boats through the falls we squared away and proceeded to cruise upriver to the club, being helped by the tide that had hindered us in our racing!

(To Be Continued)

Here is a calendar as an example for boating organizations wishing to encourage their members to get out there to explore new waters and meet other likeminded people. The idea is to collect from members invitations to cruise their favorite waters. So instead of blindly heading for new, unknown waters, without any local knowledge, you are helped along by one who is thoroughly familiar with the cruising grounds.

This sample calendar is from our *Shallow Water Sailor Newsletter*. Those who contribute invitations are called POCs; that is Points-of-Contact. The POC names, phone numbers, and e-mail addresses have been removed in the sample. The responsibility of a POC is solely limited to providing information to potential participants. The POC will likely do more, such as taking part in the cruise and helping in planning, but each participant is really on his/her own when making preparations and decisions. It is hoped that such limited responsibility will get members to step up and become POCs. So if the calendar below gets you all excited about sailing, rowing, or paddling when the ice melts, get your organization to develop its own "Salty Calendar".

May 3-5: The 23rd Annual Spring Cruise. Launch at Madison Bay on the Little Choptank and sail NW to Hudson Creek and SW to Slaughter Creek.

May 17-19: Neuse River to Pamlico Sound and Bay River. Launch near Oriental, NC, sail down the Neuse River to Pamlico

A "Salty Calendar"

By Ken Murphy

Sound, then north to Bay River for some creek exploration and then to a fishing village to stretch the legs. The above plan would change if there's a mean nor'easter, then we would keep in the protected creeks off the Neuse. Several more days of sailing might be added.

June TBD: SWS weekend at Red Cedar Lake, Wisconsin (north of Rice Lake). Enjoy attractions such as tour of historic Stout's Lodge, excellent canoeing, and meeting local sailors. There is a campground on the lake. Dates to be determined by participants.

June 21-23: Full Moon Sail. Join members somewhere on the Chesapeake Bay for a sail during June's "Strawberry Moon".

July Week of 21: Inland-Sea Voyage, Lake Champlain. Don't miss this one! Members will settle on exact time, place, and route. A favorite route is to camp/ sail the "inland-sea" which lies to the east of the Champlain Islands at the north end of the lake. Come and enjoy some of the prettiest sailing in all of New England.

July 27: Edey & Duff's summer party will be held in the boatyard on Saturday. There will be boat races at 1pm for those interested (Stone Horses and sometimes Dovekies), and a cookout and trophy presentations around

5pm.

July 28th - August 10: 23rd Annual Magnum Opus Cruise, North Channel, Ontario, Canada. The North Channel is often called the best cruising area in North America and the Caribbean of the north. Anyone who has been there would have trouble disputing these claims. Here's your chance to see for yourself. Launch at Spanish Municipal Marina on the north shore of the North Channel to cruise both east and west of Spanish, Clapperton Island to Sanford Island. Depending on weather conditions and ambition, the fleet might also venture further east than Clapperton Island.

September: See future SWS Newsletters for September cruises, there must be some cruises planned during this spectacular month for sailing!

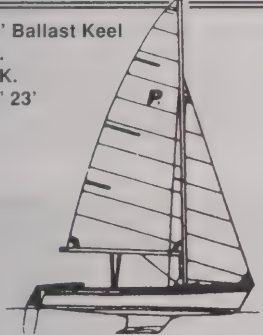
October 4 - 6: Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, join SWS members at this favorite annual event. For information go to: <http://www.cbmm.org/>.

October 12-14: Columbus Day Weekend Exploration. Explore the historic Hog Island on the Atlantic Coast of the Delmarva Peninsula in Virginia. Meet at Willis Wharf and sail Hog Island Bay. Explore the island and learn of the people who lived there early in the 1900s. Anchor among the many islands and shallows.

To learn more about the Shallow Water Sailors go to: <http://www.trailersailor.com/sws/> or contact the newsletter's editor, Ken Murphy, at (301) 330-4983.

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One day in late January my afternoon nap was interrupted by a call from El Salvador. The young man calling had just found my \$200 Sailboat on the web and was struck by its similarity to 26 boats the international organization he works with has helped fishermen on a large lake build and use in fishing (7.5 metric tons/day). Before the sailboats they had to paddle or use a few unreliable outboards. He needed a solution to the rudder hitting bottom on beaching. I emailed him a photo of the rudder on my boat.

I also donated a set of plans to his organization. Later I received the following message and photos of their boats:

"Our goal is to create a stable inexpensive sailboat to empower local fishermen with a seaworthy vessel for their work. The skiff

Fishing Under Sail In El Salvador

By Dave Carnell

represents an excellent solution and easy to sail and manage.

I would like to see your designs, we will send pictures of our construction methods and the final product.

We are interested in knowing not only production costs but production schedule and how many sailboats can be produced in one month by 2-3 workers.

Here are some pictures of the boats that the poor fishermen of the Cerron Grande (135 sq.kilometers), with the technical advice and personal commitment of Fabrizio and our participation, have been able to construct. El Salvador has more than 12,000 artisan inland water fishermen and 14,000 coastal. In order to diminish the contamination in fresh water bodies, we would make in the first stage small sailboats to support the inland fishermen. We needed cheap sailboats for the fishing and smaller tourist activities. The support of all has provided this effort already initiated help in the development of 12,000 families of artisan fishermen. Visit us www.fonaes.gob.sv"

Dave Carnell, Nutmeg Marine, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850, (910) 686-4184, <DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net>



I first met Roger at the Kingstown, St. Vincent jetty, as he and I boarded the *Glenconner*, an inter-island boat that runs four days a week between Mustique and St. Vincent. Roger, who might be described as an aging hippy, replete with a dingy, blonde ponytail and a set of rough-looking teeth, was looking a bit worse for wear as his clothes were filthy and his face was sunburned and caked with dried blood that had recently flowed from an angry, bulging gash across his forehead and the bridge of his nose. Sensing that there was a story here, I approached him to see what information he would be willing to share with a complete stranger. In a few moments, I was thoroughly engrossed in his tale, which was delivered in a thick southern drawl.

Roger, it developed, was part of a construction crew who had been sent down from the States to Mustique to erect steel-framed bunk houses for the worker's camp there. Mustique is a small island located in the country of St. Vincent and the Grenadines, in the southern Caribbean. Having been incarcerated on the tiny, amenity-less island for the last two months, he was trying to see a bit more of the country before he completed his work and returned to the States the following week. With this plan in mind, he flew over to the "big island" of St. Vincent for the weekend. All went well and he even met a few Vincentian fishermen who showed him a bit of the town and helped him spend his paycheck in the rum shops that line some of the streets there.

By Sunday, after becoming a bit more acquainted with his new friends, he let on that he was to fly back to Mustique in the morning. Figuring that there was a dollar to be made here, and knowing exactly what the plane ticket would cost, the fishermen decided to offer Roger passage to Mustique in their small, open fishing boat for a sum slightly lower than the airfare. Roger, being a frugal sort of fellow, and one eager for an interesting experience, did not deliberate long before accepting the offer.

Monday morning dawned with typically brilliant skies as the four men boarded the 17', needle-nosed boat with a large outboard motor hung off the transom; but the winds were strong and the seas offshore were filled with romping white horses. Such conditions do not deter Vincentian fishermen in the least however, and so Roger had no indication that anything could be amiss. Starting out from the protected harbor, things looked promising; but, as the enclosing headlands were put astern, the seas steepened and the St. Vincent - Bequia Channel began to live up to its reputation as a nasty piece of water.

Approximately halfway between St. Vincent and Mustique, and directly on the course between the two ports, lies the island of Bequia. Most prudent skippers in this part of the Caribbean would pass this island on the leeward side, if there were any indication that the seas might be at all rough; the windward side is a place to be generally avoided. Perhaps our fishing boat captain decided to show off his prowess in small boat handling, or maybe he wanted to treat Roger to vistas of the wild, uninhabited, eastern portions of the island. Whatever the case, it was along the windward coast that the little boat sped at full throttle, leaping ever higher over the breaking waves as the conditions worsened.

This side of Bequia is a rough and unforgiving place, with no beaches and only rocky

The Fishing Boat And The Bullet

By Rick Klepfer

foreshores backed up by un-climbable cliffs of nearly 400' elevation. Most sailors give it a wide berth, even on a good day. At one point on the coast, there is a huge piece of rock, perhaps 150' high, that had separated from the main part of the cliffs eons ago, but had failed to fall completely into the sea. This conical fragment of rock, about 75' in diameter, is known as the "bullet", due to its projectile-like form. There are bullets throughout the Grenadines and all are indications of heavy sea erosion and unfriendly shores.

As the fishing boat rounded the bullet, the wave heights increased and the ride became rough in the extreme. Roger was having a tough time hanging on and the skipper instructed him to grab onto the scrap of plywood foredeck in front of him. The boat seemed to be handling the seas well until the big outboard stalled out in a trough. I suspect that the fishermen knew that they were into a difficult situation as they frantically tried to restart the engine, but the next wave broke over the boat and terminated their efforts. Roger, who was still dutifully hanging on to the foredeck, was thrown forward and his face was smashed into the exposed edge of the plywood. This blow, which would have stunned him under other circumstances, went nearly unnoticed, as he began to comprehend the severity of the situation that he was now in.

Things went from bad to worse, as the next wave hit the boat on the bow quarter and threw all four occupants into the warm sea. Within a few moments, the boat had sunk and the four men were left treading water in the steep seas with not a single life jacket between them. To make matters worse, the onshore currents were sweeping them slowly towards the bullet and the menacing shore that would grind them up if ever it got its hooks into them. If by some miracle they could survive the rocks and surf, they would be faced with climbing up cliffs that had never been scaled before and then hiking miles to the nearest settlement


through nearly impenetrable underbrush.

After an hour and a half of strenuous swimming to stay offshore, they heard the whine of another fishing boat and a glimmer of hope returned to their lives. Miraculously, although the boat did not see them at first, they were able to get its attention by waving a shirt in the air when they were on top of a crest. By the strangest twist of fate, the men were picked up by another boat that just happened to be as foolish as they in traveling so near to the deadly bullet.


Upon hauling their exhausted bodies aboard the other boat, they were surprised to see a glint of bright paint in the waves and soon discovered that there had been enough air trapped under that tiny foredeck to keep a foot of the bow of their boat above water. The remainder of it was hanging straight down, weighted by the outboard motor. Seeing a chance to save their livelihood, the crew of the sunken boat prevailed upon the rescue boat to put a line on the bow and tow their only worldly asset to shore.

Some hours later, the wreck was dragged into calm water and beached. Not knowing what else to do, the fishermen bailed it out, changed the spark plugs, put new gas into the tank and started the engine! Then, as if nothing untoward had occurred, they asked Roger if he was ready to complete the trip. For some strange reason, Roger declined and instead spent the rest of the day going from ferry to ferry, making his way back to Mustique by a circuitous means that he found somewhat safer. What ever happened to the fishermen was never told, but I suspect that they went on their way without a second thought, after all, they didn't lose the boat!

I don't believe that there is any moral to this tale for the Vincentians; these fishermen will continue to work in their haphazard manner despite what ill events befall them. They have been working without a safety net for generations and I suspect that it would be considered an indication of cowardice if they were to use any type of safety equipment or a radio. The real lesson is to those of us who are used to being provided some level of life-preserving amenities; don't accept a berth unless your personal comfort levels are satisfied, nobody else is going to look after your safety. I think that Roger would back me up on this.



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**Day 15 and Final, Monday, May 21, 2001
Dun Cove, Harris Creek to Home on the
Severn River, Round Bay**

It is 5:55 AM and, after a very comfortable ride last night in 5' of water, I find that with high tide the depth is now 7'. I weigh anchor and head out of Dun Cove en route home on my last day of this circumnavigation of Delmarva Peninsula. The wind is still blowing out of the east and behind Tilghman Island, blows up a nice 10-mile fetch to cause an uncomfortable roll to the *Sandee Lee*. It is still twilight and a little hard to see. I follow the GPS track out and am anticipating transiting Knapps Narrows, a dredged cut through the middle of Tilghman Island. This cut is a shortcut out into the Chesapeake Bay and has a drawbridge to transit.

My GPS leads me to the Knapps Narrows entrance light #3. However, upon arrival in 3' seas, poor visibility, and a wildly rocking boat, I am confused as I look for the channel markers. I start in on the GPS course, however, as I

Circumnavigation 2001

A Journal of a Circumnavigation of the Delmarva Peninsula

Conclusion

By John Potts

look toward the left a little I see channel markers, but none where the GPS track leads. Did I plot the GPS coordinates wrong? Had the channel changed and my new chart book not been updated? What is wrong with this picture? I decide to depart from the GPS course and head for the markers which I did see, there is only one channel and it must be the one I can see visibly. My GPS course is wrong and

that system has failed me for the first time on this voyage (or ever)!

I enter the visible channel and get to the end and see some small marinas and a small dead end harbor. I stop, study the chart and...what?! There was a small channel just to the south of the one I wanted and they had the same entrance marker. I had taken the wrong channel! The GPS had NOT failed me! It was dead accurate! GPS, I love you! Please forgive me for doubting you! Actually, it is good to always double check and not rely only on one system of navigation. But this time my judgment was wrong and the GPS was right! I reverse course, still rolling wildly, follow my GPS track back out and enter the correct channel. A good-sized pleasure trawler follows me out of the errant harbor (which is called Dogwood Harbor) and is transiting the cut with me. I call the bridge tender on channel 13 VHF and let him know I want to go through the bridge shortly. At 7:00 AM I am passing through the drawbridge, followed close behind by the 40' or 50' yacht. The Narrows is indeed narrow, flanked by a few seafood restaurants, docks for commercial fishing boats, and a few small marinas.

By 7:20 AM I re-enter the Chesapeake Bay, secure the engine, and hoist both sails on a northwesterly course to clear Poplar Island. The wind is still easterly off my starboard quarter. My speed is 4.5 knots. The yacht following me turns north to pass between Poplar Island and Tilghman Island.

I have not been quite this far south before and see a lot of barge construction going on off Poplar Island. Many barges are anchored loaded with large stones. I can see many workers on a sandbar with cranes. I must be careful not to hit one of these anchored barges, they are so close together. What is that?! I hear a loud, very close blast of a boat horn to port, in my blind spot behind the full genoa. I look over the port side and there, not 50' away, crossing my bow, is a tug and barge!! I swing the tiller to turn the boat sharply, barely missing a collision! Whew! Dummy! Pay attention! Technically, of course, I had the right of way, except the other vessel had a heavy burden with the barge and wasn't about to alter course. I would not have hurt him one bit if I had collided with him! This has not been a morning of sound seamanship, so far. Some very humbling experiences! I think I had better sell this boat quick!

At 8:00 AM I turn toward the north toward Annapolis and the Severn River entrance. A straight shot up the Bay and a fast ride with a steady easterly breeze of about 15 knots. I am able to make about 5 to 5.6 knots of speed. A fitting wind to have on the last day. By 9:00 I am abeam of Bloody Point Light house, which I have rounded many times on my overnights through Eastern Bay to Tilghman Island and Wye River. I am now in familiar territory.

It is 10:00 AM and I am abeam Thomas Point Light in still drizzly, overcast, 60-degree weather. At 10:38 I begin my turn toward the northwest into the Severn River. It is 11:30 and I am still under sail with a following wind and am abeam the eastern edge of the U.S. Naval Academy. What is this? A sailboat race by midshipmen (and women) in the rather large sloops of the Academy. There is usually a sailboat race of some sort going on in Annapolis Harbor and this day is no exception. I stay as far to the right as I dare to avoid inter-



Knapps Narrows drawbridge.



Classic Chesapeake Bay work boat.

A near collision which would have ruined my entire day!



fering with the race and still make my way up river. The sloops come so close to me, I jokingly holler over to the midshipmen, "You're not going to hit me, are you?" The reply came back, "No! You are OK!"

I refuse to transit Annapolis Harbor on summer weekends anymore due to the congested boat traffic, sailboats and big power boats transiting, sailboat races all over, what a nightmare! After all, Annapolis is billed as the "sailboat capital of the world." It must be so, it is printed on a street marker as you approach downtown Annapolis. Annapolis is a beautiful, historic town, but the harbor can be frantic on weekends.

At 11:39 AM I just clear the sloop race and am abeam the Academy parade grounds. There are numerous ceremonial cannon shots fired. I shout back, "Thank you!" What a nice tribute to my return home after successfully circumnavigating the Delmarva Peninsula solo in 15 days! I really didn't expect a cannon salute! Ha! Ha! Sure!

I take the reef out of the main and try to get another knot or two out of the slowing breeze. I arrive at my own Round Bay, pass my regular mooring buoy, enter the small cove occupied by Smith's Marina, and tie up on the visitor's pier at 1:00 PM. I step off of the boat for the first time since Chesapeake City, C&D Canal, 12 days ago. The pier and dry land are rocking for some reason and I have a little trouble with my equilibrium. I need to get my land legs back!

I walk over to the machine shop and bring the mechanic to the boat, in about 30 minutes he has tightened the shaft-packing gland sufficiently to stop the leak. I then walk over to the marina office to arrange to have the boat hauled, in an hour she is hauled and blocked. The bottom looks as good as the day she was launched two weeks before the voyage; she, thankfully, had never touched bottom. Not a nick or scratch on any part of the hull. She has done well and traveled faster than I thought she had been capable of.

Today's trip had been 30 miles in 7 hours with only 1.5 hours on the engine. This whole trip was 458 miles verified by manual computation as well as the GPS odometer, the computations are within one mile of each other! Amazing! This is the 21st century, so I guess it isn't so amazing after all. Four hundred and fifty-eight miles in 110 hours over 15 days. Average speed was 4.2 knots with 58.7 engine hours and 51.6 sail hours.

Am I glad I made the voyage? Yes, it was an adventure which I have trouble comprehending that I actually did. The best part of the voyage, coming home!



Voyage end for a great boat...the *Sandee Lee* of Round Bay, Severn River, Maryland.



Epilogue

I advertised the *Sandee Lee* in newspapers and had several people see the boat, but no serious offers were made. As I regularly rowed for exercise off the beach where my empty mooring buoy lies, it saddened me to see the empty mooring. The *Sandee Lee* looked so classic and beautiful riding there. I decided to take the boat off the market and had it launched again. The *Sandee Lee* lies on her mooring once again and is still sailed proudly by her owner. I am seriously contemplating a longer voyage in 2002, perhaps north to New York Harbor, or perhaps south toward Charleston. Perhaps next time, I will take more time to smell the roses along the way, perhaps... Who knows, she is such a beautiful boat, that's why I named her after my wife, my *Sandee Lee*.

U.S. Naval Academy sailboat race.



I know something is going to get said about that fish picture on the cover of December 1, 2001, so I'll catch it in the air. The first thing is about the fish. She is a large mouthed bass. I was doing an experiment to see how fast bass grow after they get big. What I did was catch the same fish every spring when she went on the bed and measure her length and take her picture. I had caught this old gal six years straight and she was bigger every year up until this time (1996). The next spring, she was beginning to go down some.... roe not nearly so big as in the year of the picture (which I bet weighed more than two pounds). I couldn't find her in the spring of '98. I believe an alligator got her.

The second thing is about me. I don't want to brag or anything... it is against my principles... but I believe I am about the best bass fisherman in this country. I'd go on the TV and advertise fishing reels and metal flakes and make big money but I am a solitary fisherman. I can't do it right with legal witnesses... makes me self conscious and unable to concentrate. Besides, I don't use metal flakes and high tech. I don't even fish out of a boat.

Though I used that little boat in the picture to get to that place, I caught that old gal off the bank. In the picture, I am just going to put her in the boat in her usual place to get her portrait made. I only use a boat to get to places where I am going to fish. I found out a long time ago that the best fishing holes are hard to get to and the best bass are too wary to tolerate the presence of a big, predatory looking, floating object. I believe that they like a varnished boat better than a metal flake rig. I think they have sense enough to know a piece of wood when they see it. After all, they are intense observers of intricate detail. Maybe the hungry and stupid among them might say, "Let's us go over and rest in the shade of that nice piece of wood... maybe a worm might fall off of it," but the best would rather not see anything unusual at all lurking around any delicacy.

The third thing is that little boat. It was 25 years old in the picture and varnished all over too (keep it in a sack when I ain't using it). Anyway, that old boat is twelve feet long and three feet wide. Notice that there are only three planks to the side. That was the experiment that proved that poplar planking could be forced to come from a flat bottomed pirogue into a pretty exquisite looking hollow bow. I have dragged that little boat to many a place (like that one where the big bass lived) that has never floated a man-made object (except maybe a goddamn birthday helium balloon) and caught fish that had no idea that there was anything like a hook and line.

It is hard to catch big bass when they are on the bed. They have other business, besides eating, on their minds. The best way to get a real big bass is to fish with a Winchester 25/35... unless you have made a lifetime study and figured out a thing or two about a thing or two. Though those old matriarchs don't normally eat during that season, they do not like any predators or scavengers in the bed with them. They'll chase bream and other small bass out and pick up stupid things like crawfish and carry them off into the weeds. I even saw this old gal grab and evict a potential husband, builder of the bed... a shocking thing to a man of my sensibilities.

You can catch a big bass on the bed with a small, rendered idiotic by a hook in the back-

Bass Fishing

ByRobb White



bone, fish if you can get it in the right position without scaring her off. That's hard to do. They normally bed in very shallow water and are real easy to startle and when they leave, they stay gone for a long time. You can't throw a hand-sized bream out there too many times or she'll leave and stay gone for the rest of the day. Every now and then, I have caught one by throwing the fish way past the bed and easing him back so slowly that the big fish was not scared, but it is hard to do. The movement of the line will scare them for one thing, and the bait fish has to be too incompetent to run but not so dead as to pose no threat to the eggs.

I discovered that an invertebrate was much better, but you can't even, carefully, let a worm down into the bed without startling the fish and even if you do, sometimes the fish will ignore him and her (you know worms are made that way). A crawfish is best. Bass will not tolerate a live crawfish in the bed with them. What you have to do is get the crawfish into the bed while the bass is gone and manage to keep him there until she gets back. Sometimes you can hang him on a little weed or something to keep him tied up but the bed is generally perfectly clean in the middle so there ain't anything to hang him to and the bass won't pay any attention to anything off to the side. I tried a big sinker to try to hold the bait where I wanted it but a crawfish is strong and can drag a lead big enough to spook the fish. I tried to cripple the poor thing so he would be too weak but then the fish ignored him... I guess she knew he was in too bad shape to do any damage.

Finally (and this took years... I ought not to tell you) I discovered that a tiny, little baby crawfish, not as big as a cricket, could be flipped into the bed with a fly rod and, if you did it just exactly right, with the lightest kind of tippet and the tiniest hook, the wonderful old girl wouldn't run all the way off into the

weeds but would begin to stare at the little thing to see if he was a bona fide threat to her reproduction. I had to dry this little animal off and super glue the hook to him because he was way too little to continue to act like a potential problem with a hook through him. Anyway, after days of fooling around, I finally did it right and she picked up my little crawfish to carry him to the edge of the bed. I gently set the tiny hook and she started to swim off. I carefully eased back on my rod (my grandfather's little old bamboo rig...) and she swam off into the weeds.

The place where this happened was just a little way down the bank to the right of the boat in that cover picture. That whole little pond (maybe two and a half acres) is very shallow all around the edge and during a normal winter, it freezes up close to the bank and kills the weeds. You can see that little lane in the picture. That's where the fish bed in about eighteen inches of water. When a big bass feels uncomfortable, she likes to hide in the weeds. When they feel panicky, they like to tear up a bunch of water and be just as difficult as they can.... you know, like you see on the other end of Roland Martin on the TV.

I never pulled hard enough on the old fish to make her lose her mind. She just decided that it was time to go hide out until whatever was worrying her went away. She swam out to that line of dollar bonnets and buried her head in a big mess of Hydrilla. I just kind of followed her (you can see just how deep I got... about up to my hip pockets). I could see her tail sticking out of the weeds and I gently slid my hand up her side until I could get all my fingers in her mouth (plenty of room). When I latched down on her, she snatched real hard and abraded the top of my hand with her little teeth but I quickly lifted her up enough so I could open her bottom jaw enough to make her lie quiet (which they'll do).

Then I waded to the bank and took her to the boat for her annual portrait.

Some people told me that that might be a world record bass. I don't know about that. I just know that I would have had to kill the old gal and then tell a lie about how I had caught her on a Quantum(R) reel on an Ugly Stick(R) rod with 8lb Stren(R) line and a Rat-L-Trap(R) crank bait out of a Ranger(R) bass boat with a five hundred hp Mercury(R) motor on a Panther(R) jackplate after I had seen her and taken her temperature with my Humminbird(R) fish finder and positioned my fifty thousand dollar rig with my 24 Volt Minnkota(R) trolling motor. Then I could get in the books and be eligible for a big check to appear on the TV and lie some more. If you have been reading this magazine for very long, you know that I don't do things like that... for money.

I will tell you this though: Around here there are a bunch of little rivers that run under the ground and then come up and make a little short stretch on the surface and then go back down into the limestone again. The places between those holes are miles and miles of some of the worst kinds of saw-grass bogs and thickets... no place for a real boat and, unless you swim it, you can't travel on the river part because there are some very deep, (very cold) holes. It is a problem. I dragged my boat back to a place like that just the other week and I saw a bass that I think might be bigger than that one. I'll slip back in there this spring and take her picture for you.



The 2002 Puffin Kayak

By Alv Elvestad, ScanSport, Inc.

There are several major improvements in our Puffin folding kayak since the feature which appeared in the December 1, 2000 issue. Compared to the original 10.5' 22lb Puffin the new 12' one is actually lighter! The weight reduction is due to the way we tension the boat lengthwise. The frame is much simpler, and the number of longitudinal rods is reduced from 5 to 3. In the original Puffin, longitudinal tension was generated by pulling two bowed side rods towards the keel. This caused the ends of the side rods to push the stems into the ends of the boat skin. In the new design the keel itself is hinged, and the keel hinge is at an angle when it is installed in the boat. As the cross ribs are installed, the keel is pulled into a straight position and pushes the stems into the ends of the skin. The end result is a simpler frame which saves about two pounds of weight.

We have dropped the gunwales about 1" and raised the seat to make the paddling position more comfortable. The cockpit rim is now aluminum tubing that does a much better job of supporting a spray skirt. It is hinged front and back and simply folds in its sleeve when the boat is packed. The deck is now attached with a Velcro fastener. A strip of hook tape is sewn to the outside of the skin just below the gunwale, and a corresponding strip of loop tape is sewn to the edge of the deck. Since the deck is pulled tight against the gunwales it provides a remarkably watertight seal. To facilitate assembly and disassembly the air tubes are pre-installed (attached to the skin) and outfitted with dump valves.

We have also simplified the way the gunwales and stems are tied together and aligned with the boat skin. One end of the channels into which the gunwales are inserted is closed. The gunwales are simply inserted until they stop. The exposed ends have a hooks that catch the top of the stem. A nice benefit of this system is that the gunwales come together at each end, and the deck can be fitted cleanly with a minimum of seams.

You might wonder if the change makes the new Puffin kayak too flimsy. That was our concern too. The good news is that the air tubes that are built into the Puffin's sides between skin and frame easily fill the structural role of the missing rods. The boat is nice and stiff.

On the water the new Puffin Kayak is faster than the original due to the increased length. It is very stable, and tracking is excellent.

It would be fair to refer to our 2002 Puffin Kayak as a framed inflatable hybrid. So why not just make a traditional framed folding boat, or an inflatable one? The hybrid technology has some unique advantages: Each technology by itself results in a much heavier boat. The 12' folding Folbot Aleut weighs 43lbs pounds, and the 11' inflatable Helios 340 EX weighs 30lbs (and does not have a deck). The 21.5lb Puffin is much lighter than any comparable folding or inflatable boat available. The 12' Puffin is shipped in a 29" x 14" x 14" bag that has ample space for the boat, a 4-piece paddle and an average size life jacket. The Puffin combines light weight, convenience, and performance in a way that may not be possible with folding or inflatable technology alone.

The Puffin Kayak performs much like other kayaks of the same size and shape. While inflatables have an edge in convenience (you just add air), there is a significant penalty once you are on the water. The Puffin is faster, more responsive, and it tracks better.

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No doubt, one of the world's greatest inventions is the aluminum boat. Either as a utility, or as a canoe as well, the aluminum boat is affordable, relatively light and tough as nails. The aluminum canoe has become so much a part of the American landscape that pop culture wouldn't be complete without it; just like the Volkswagen Beetle, or the classic Coca Cola bottle. And where would Bob Landers be if not for the aluminum icon?

Like all good inventions, the aluminum canoe was born out of necessity, in more ways than one. It was the summer of 1944, and the Vice President of Grumman Aircraft had an experience that would change the course of small boat history. On a fishing expedition in the Adirondacks, William Hoffman experienced the reality of portaging a wood and canvas canoe across the mountainous New York terrain. Unfortunately, the scene is never quite as advertised in the pretty pictures that are included in the sales brochure!

Hoffman concluded that the lightweight, stretch-formed aluminum that was used in such applications as the Grumman Hellcat fighter plane would be a better idea for a canoe. And with the technology proven in the skies around the globe during World War II, aluminum would certainly work on the waters as well. It would also fulfill another critical need, for like so many other industrial entities at the time, Grumman was thinking about what it was going to do with its manufacturing capacity at War's end!

In 1945, Grumman built its first aluminum canoe at its aircraft facility in Bethpage, on Long Island, New York. At 13', the aluminum canoe registered a 30% weight savings over its wood and canvas counterpart, while demonstrating improved strength and handling afloat. Ultimately, 20,000sf of factory was allocated for canoe production and the portfolio was expanded to include 15', 17', 18', 19' and 20' models to join the initial 13 footer.

Fifty Years Later Grumman Refloats Its Boat

By Steve Rossi

If you're at all familiar with Long Island, New York, you're well aware that it tops the nation in a number of things, including real estate values! In the post-War boom, building boats (let alone, airplanes) in the land of suburban sprawl was probably not the best use of corporate capital. And beyond that, apparently the Navy wasn't so keen on seeing leisure consumer products built alongside its government-funded aircraft endeavors.

So in 1952, Grumman's canoe manufacturing therefore moved up to Marathon, New York, just below Syracuse. I do hope someone's thought to celebrate 50 years of canoe production at the plant, because there's still a nine or ten month opportunity left!

But back to the fabulous fifties; in 1953 production was humming in a facility that had been purchased from the Arco Skate Company. Capitalizing on a good thing, Grumman expanded its manufacturing activity to include aluminum utility and fishing boats as well during the mid-fifties.

Perhaps things got too good. In those days before brand management and identity came to the fore in marketing, Grumman strayed into fiberglass boat building in Marathon, though they had the good sense to ultimately smell the resin and moved that production to Pearson Yachts in Bristol, Rhode Island.

A successful decade later in New York, with capacity now constrained, boat production was discontinued and Grumman concentrated on canoe production exclusively, thereby, ensuring that its brand would ultimately be riveted (no pun intended) in American history.

By the 1970s, energy was in short supply in America, but at least the experience fueled such low-impact recreation as paddling. This was also the time that the feature film *Deliverance* came to the big screen, and made the Grumman canoe a household name, not unlike James Bond and the Aston Martin exotica. Though in Grumman's case, at least the canoe had the opportunity to become a household commodity as well!

In the 1980s Grumman Boats bought Four-Way Industries in Arkansas, and soon had additional production capacity in middle-America. Obviously, this would not only help improve sales penetration in broader markets, but would reduce freight costs also. Another acquisition up in Wisconsin helped round out the logistics base still further.

Over time, however, like so many other businesses, the turbulent waters of the boating industry clearly demonstrated that only the strong were getting stronger. With a somewhat specialized product line, Grumman ultimately sold out to the proverbial big fish before it got gobbled up, that fish being Outboard Marine Corporation (OMC). In 1989, everything other than canoe manufacturing was stripped out of the equation, and Grumman was left to build canoes alone in Marathon under the umbrella of OMC's Aluminum Boat Group.

Well, what goes around often comes back around. In its effort to be all things to all people, OMC purchased the DuraNautic Boat Company in 1995 and re-introduced utility and fishing boat production in Marathon. The DuraNautic is a legendary aluminum boat originally from the Hudson River area, and most recognized for its SeaFoam green exterior. Designed to handle the choppy waters of the northeast, DuraNautic has a reputation for strength, stability and durability. Certainly, I'm a bit biased because I own a wonderful DuraNautic 13, which I appreciate for being both compact and rugged, along with offering high freeboard and capability to carry 15hp...not to mention 4 passengers!

But back to Grumman (yes, I also own a 15' Grumman SportBoat), a year later OMC had other ideas yet again, and decided bail out of Marathon completely. The good news was that the plant and its assets were sold to the former management team and a local investor. The bad news was that the Marathon Boat Group, as it was now called, wasn't given the right to use the Grumman name.

Shortly thereafter, Marathon canoes began to make their way from the plant once more, along with DuraNautic utilities. While the canoes were, in fact, identical in every way but name to the Grummans, something was amiss without the legendary designation.

Though the proof is in the product, and Marathon folks moved on and spent the next couple of years making a name (a new name, that is) for themselves, mostly, by picking up where they left off, and relying upon the former Grumman dealer body which could appreciate the integrity of their aluminum. For the avid sportsman, as was the case since late 1997, the DuraNautic range also now included Jon boats to supplement the utilities and the famous canoe category, thereby allowing the dealer network to be pretty well positioned in this specialty segment as a niche player.

In the ever-churning ebb and flow of the boat business, one never knows what's beyond the next set of rapids. By the end of the decade, the tide went out from under OMC, and the company essentially ran aground. Its demise was the result of a strategic blunder to outsource the highly seasonal production of outboard motors (which resulted in a serious misalignment of the manufacturing cycle with the all-important selling season). In addition, there was an attempt to inject a bit of new technology into the old two-stroke as well, and unfortunately, the associated warranty claims that resulted during launch literally ate what was left of the weakened conglomerate.

By the summer of 2000, however, this change of fortune allowed the Marathon Boat Group to enter into a licensing agreement with Northrop Grumman, which resulted in the famous name finally re-appearing back beneath the gunwale of the world renowned double ender. As is well known, one man's pain is often another man's gain.

Nowadays, they say that the old Grumman canoe will take you to hell and back. Perhaps it's because the company has been there itself. Either way, the fearless and forgiving aluminum canoe has once again proven that it won't sag, sink or wear out. We can only hope that it will stay afloat for yet another 50 years.

(For more details, visit Marathon Boat's recently revisited website, www.marathonboat.com)

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A Three Generation Grumman

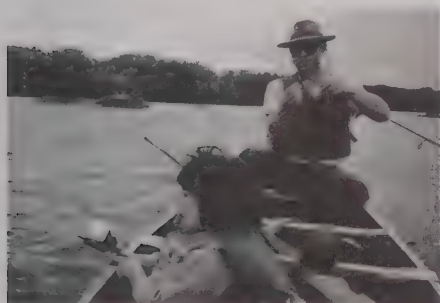
By Russell Lahti

My faithful Grumman aluminum canoe is now a three generation boat. It all started back when I was a kid, my mother and I had used and worn out two heavy rubberized canvas two person rafts, as we explored the lakes and ponds of eastern Massachusetts. We needed something a bit more durable, since the rubber boats couldn't stand up to the use we were giving them. So we went over to the boat house at the Old South Bridge over the Concord River (as opposed to the Old North Bridge and the Shot Heard 'Round the World fame) which is still there renting and selling Grummans, and bought a 15' Grumman canoe. As near as I can remember, that was about 1971, and the boat is still going strong. It not only stood up to my mother's and mine adventures, but withstood me and my friends as we grew up.

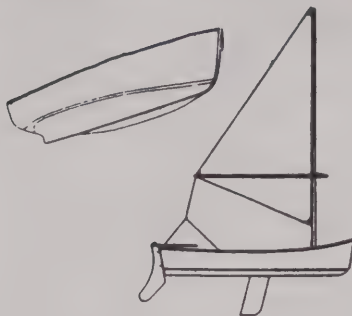
Did you know that it is not possible to completely submerge a Grumman canoe with six 12 year old boys, but did we ever try? Several years in a row I took the canoe to the 4th of July celebrations along the Charles River Esplanade in Boston. What a party that was, and with an unbeatable view of the fireworks too. You've never seen a fireworks show until you have experienced the finale of the 1812 Overture while anchored 40' off the front of the howitzers. At that range you feel the howitzer blasts as much as hearing it. Awesome!

I've also paddled in each of the New England states, and in the last few years in Maryland, Virginia and the District. The canoe has been on many dates too, thank goodness the boat can't tell tales. A number of years ago I bought the OEM sail rig for it from a classified ad and then brought the whole shebang up to Maine for the LL Bean Canoe Symposium. Boy, was that a mistake. Not the sail rig, it worked great, but what a bunch of snobs. They should have called it the LL Bean Non-Aluminum Canoe Symposium.

Well to bring this ramble back under control, I'll conclude by saying that I can't think of a better small boat platform to take a little kid out on the water in. It has plenty of room for three and even more room for fishing stuff and food, and is stable as anything. You can fall out of a Grumman (you can fall off any boat), but you have to work to capsize one. My daughter makes me so proud. She seems to be a natural in a boat, and can cast a good 20' or so with her Scooby Doo rod, and with better accuracy than some of my grown friends. The photograph is my daughter Lillian and myself in the canoe while messing about on the Potomac River in Maryland, just upstream from Great Falls.



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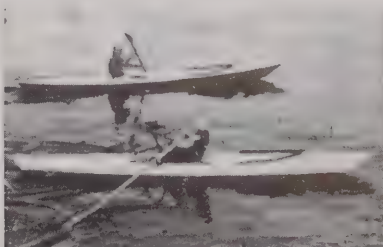


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Liz at idle.

The design of the Bluejacket 24 was undertaken because my wife and I wanted a cruising powerboat with good creature comforts which was also lightweight enough for easy trailering. Long hours spent at the tiller of sailboats under power in the Intracoastal Waterway dictated that the boat be capable of maintaining a comfortable and economical speed of about double that of a sailboat. Slower can get boring on long stretches and running fast requires too much attention to handling the boat, leaving little time to enjoy the surroundings. A top speed at or near 20mph would allow moving faster when the need or desire appeared. The amenities desired included sitting headroom over the bunks in a separate sleeping cabin, full headroom in a weather-proof pilothouse, adequate space for cruising galley facilities, a private stand-up head and a large cockpit.

The choice of a powerboat over a sailboat is a separate story. It seems that most people who cruise sailboats in the ICW and other river routes inevitably wind up running under power and seldom find conditions suitable for sailing. The mast height often causes delays for opening bridges and prevents entrance to many areas of fixed bridges. The extra draft of most sailboats also limits cruising and anchoring choices. Added to that is the fact that designing a boat for sailing restricts the interior space and connection to the outside environment that a powerboat can provide in the same size.

Since we have only had sailboats in the past, the realization of these limitations made it possible for us to look at the possibility of a powerboat. Not to be ignored is the fact that many of our sailing friends have moved into powerboats as they got older and the work of handling a sailboat became less attractive. Since we still have a couple of sailboats, we are making the transition without too much guilt. The quiet that takes over when the sails are hoisted and the auxiliary is turned off is still wonderful when we go out for a sail though.

A thorough search of available designs turned up nothing that came close to having all these attributes and none that had a private head in the size range we felt comfortable in trailering over the road. Living with a portable toilet under a bunk had been ruled out as uncivilized by other important parties in the venture. I tend to agree with this assessment, es-

Liz 24' Pilothouse Power Cruiser

By Tom Lathrop

pecially in the middle of the night. Boats that had the speed range were all of the semi-displacement type that were too heavy and required too much power and fuel to run as economically as I wanted. Of course, these are subjective judgments and others clearly have differing views of "heavy" and "economical". Experience with trailering other boats suggested that a maximum combined weight of 3,000lbs for boat and trailer would be about right.

The design was driven toward attempting a planing hull which could operate at low speed rather than having a semi-displacement hull run in the planing mode due to the weight and power penalties mentioned above. Much study of the sparse literature on planing hull design and especially Lindsay Lord's *Naval Architecture of Planing Hulls* convinced me that it should be possible to meet these goals, provided the weight or, more properly, bottom loading in lbs/sf could be kept low enough.

All of the planing powerboats owned by friends were unable to operate in the planing mode below 16mph - 18mph since they would bog down, stick their nose in the air and consume great quantities of fuel while being uncomfortable to boot. I attribute this lack of performance mainly to excessive bottom loading. These boats are just too heavy, a condition probably brought about by ready availability of powerful engines and marketing strategies.

A preliminary design was worked out and a 4' scale-model built for towing tests. The model is capable of having the aft portion of the hull varied in form from a straight monohedron to a severely warped bottom. These tests indicated that the monohedron or, at most, a slight warp would be best in the desired speed range. The monohedron showed no bad habits and performed well in scale wave conditions higher than I would tolerate, so the boat was built as a monohedron with chine flats.

The form of the chine flats is an original design devised after studying the thoughts of Weston Farmer and his "Trumpet". "Trumpet" is a round hull lapstrake design which gained the reputation for running level at all speeds. Farmer surmised that spreading the dynamic lift, more than normal longitudinally, would increase fore and aft stability.

I took these thoughts and applied them to a monohedron hull form by making the chine flats at a steeper angle of attack than the rest of the aft bottom surface. This makes them progressively wider going aft and gives extra lift to the stern to allow holding a planing mode at a lower speed than other planing boats. In effect, they work much like fixed transom trim tabs but with lower drag and with distributed lift. Much of the work done by boat designers in the early twentieth century when they had to make power boats operate efficiently with the low power engines available at that time has been lost. Perhaps some of them used a similar device for the same purposes.

The resulting design was built as the *Liz*, named after my wife who patiently tolerates the time spent at the drawing board and in the shop.

Final specifications are:

- Length over all 24' 3"
- Max beam 96"
- Max waterline beam 78"
- Waterline beam at transom 70"
- Deadrise in aft sections 10 degrees
- Dry hull weight 1850lbs, complete w/ steering gear and all amenities
- Cruising displacement 2,850lbs w/ engine, fuel, 2 crew and stores
- Headroom over bunks 36"
- Headroom in pilothouse 75"
- Positive foam flotation >1,600lbs
- Power Yamaha T50 4 stroke outboard
- Max speed 23mph @ 5500rpm w/ 13-5/8 x 13 prop
- Cruising speed (typical) 11mph - 17 mph

The weight restriction dictated careful thought to the construction method. Since my previous boats have been racing sailboats or kayaks, which all call for attention to weight, I chose the plywood/epoxy/glass composite method. Building the hull as a monocoque structure resulted in a lighter and stronger boat that meets the weight objective. We finally chose to make the boat more civilized with quite a bit of mahogany and cherry trim inside, which added some to the final weight.

After the design was complete, it was taken to Graham Byrnes of B&B Yachts who ran it through his Autoyacht software, which faired the lines a bit and generated hull panels layouts. I had already determined that the hull panels were developable in sheet plywood by working with a half model. Having the dimensioned panel layouts allowed the hull to be built by the stitch and glue method. That eliminated the need for an extensive building jig and allowed the boat to be built rightside up. This seems a large boat to be built in S&G but I found it fairly quick and easy, even though all the work was done alone.

Liz has seen two seasons of running through the creeks, rivers and sounds of coastal North Carolina and has been trailered to Charleston, SC, and St. Michaels, MD where she was awarded a first prize at the Mid At-

lantic Small Craft Festival. Her performance has met all the goals set in the original wish list. *Liz* delivers between 6-1/2mpg - 8-1/2 mpg average on longer trips depending on speed and weather conditions. The 6-1/2 mpg figure was over a trip of about 100 miles in headwinds of 13mph to over 35 mph and she delivered 8-1/2 mpg over a similar trip in more favorable conditions. Friends with similar sized boats feel lucky to get half that and most get one third or even less.

Liz goes from idle to maximum speed with little change in attitude. The photographs show that she keeps her stern at almost the same level at all speeds and that the bow slowly rises through the speed range. There are many popular definitions of "planing" but we will let the photographs speak for themselves. She is comfortable and economical down to 10mph and is very insensitive to added weight or crew moving fore and aft. We find a speed of 12mph - 14mph very nice in most situations. She will run at 13mph into a chop with little slap and noise although rougher conditions will cause the pilot to slow down. The bow entry angle is fairly sharp and turns to convex forward sections to make entering waves easier. The chines suppress spray and she is very dry unless quartering into wind and waves at too high a speed. She confounds most local boaters with her performance using only a 50 hp outboard. Of course higher powered boats make a higher top end speed since drag at high speed is mostly frictional, but *Liz* is quite fast enough for us.

Plans for the Bluejacket 24 are in loose-leaf notebook format containing text, sketches, plan foldouts and a CD with over 130 photographs of construction details and the finished boat plus short videos of the boat underway. Also included is a plan and profile drawing. Plans are available from the designer and are \$150US.

Tom Lathrop, Mildred's Cove Boatshop, POB 752 Oriental, NC 28571 <charbinger@connect.net>

Interior, forward cabin and pilothouse



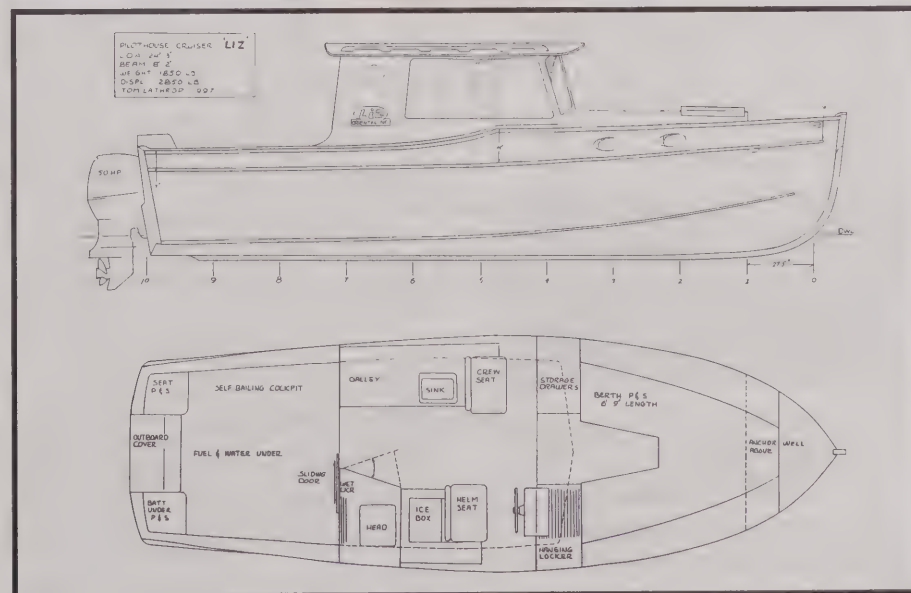
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In 1943, when I was a schoolboy, Marjory Young (W. Starling Burgess's partner and wife) published an article in *Rudder Magazine* about a big automated schooner they had designed for Anthony Fokker, the aircraft magnate. It showed among other radical features, a three-masted schooner rig with progressive rake. I was fascinated at the time, and the attraction never went away. The Burgess/Young vessel was not built (Fokker died, and a war was on), and I was never able to sell the idea to anybody up to now. I included it in my book *100 Small Boat Rigs* (current edition *103 Sailing Rigs*, available from us for \$25ppd). There it caught the eye of Seth Macinko, who had caused his students to build a Navel Jelly pulling bateau. They had the usual impulse to want to sail their rowing boat, and Seth suggested that this rig would be just the thing to give six or eight people some action. There are seven sheets, or nine if the main and mizzen staysails are carried, which should keep everybody busy in a short-tacking situation... She should also be a spectacular sight with everything set, and fast and spirited enough to be exhilarating to sail, assuming adequate crew reaction-time on her lean bottom.

It will take considerable practice and discipline to get the best out of her. At least three sheets have to be handled in tacking, and if

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(The name was given by the owners of the prototype. We never dared to ask what the significance was!)

the main and mizzen staysails are carried, they have to have their tacks shifted over to the new weather side on each tack. They don't have to be lowered and reset since the boomless foresail and mainsail can be brought around ahead of them. In fact, of course, these staysails wouldn't be carried at all, let alone in short-tacking, unless and until the crew had reached a high state of training and enthusiasm.

Before that, she can be sailed in less strenuous fashion, with, for instance, just the mizzen and jib set, with the mainmast left

ashore. Or she could be sailed single-handed with fore and mizzen masts unstepped and the mizzen boom transferred to the mainsail. The masts, all identical, are less than 20' long, and with the possible total of 291sf feet of sail set, the center of sail area is only 7' 3" above the waterline. The biggest sail is 65sf. Given reasonable competence and prudence this is not a perilous machine and should be quite forgiving, though she is decidedly capsizable; the learning process should take place in warm shallower water with help at hand! For a seaworthy, cruising, sharpie schoolship, look at our 28' Amherst Galley, Design #643, in *MAIB* Vol. 14, No. 24, of May 1, 1997.

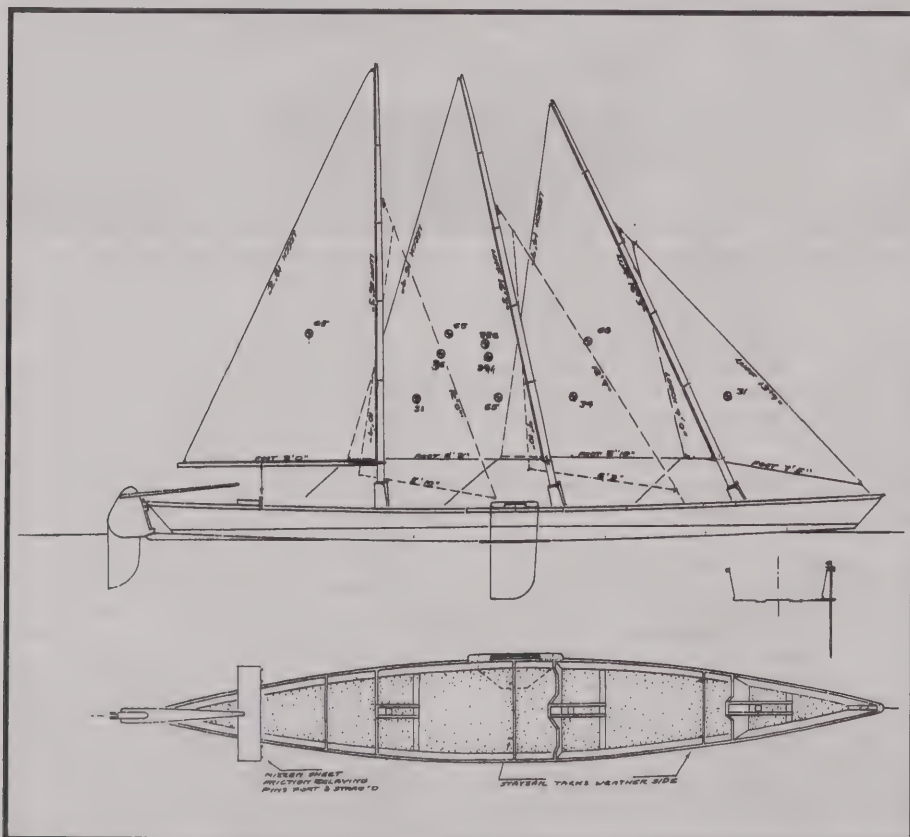
The three principle sails are lashed to their masts, with no halyards. They're furled by grabbing the clews and rolling them up around the tight leech with a wringing action, ending with a snug roll against, not around, the mast with the leech on the inside of the roll. There has to be a light line strung from the masthead which can be pulled around the head of the sail in a tight spiral, to keep a flap at the top from blowing loose. I sailed for years with a bigger sail than any of these, handled that way.

The arrangement, with no stress from a halyard fall, allows a very slender masthead, light in weight and good aerodynamically, what was called a needle mast in some dinghy classes at one time. The masts are 4" x 4" lumber (they can be scarphed at the lower end if 20' lumber is not to hand), but they're so light at the upper end that they can be stepped single-handed. With the arrangement designed for this boat, they are run into their steps with mastheads forward, swung up to the vertical or raked position around their heels, and locked in place with a lever on the forward side. That is, they don't have to be held up vertical to drop through partners.

She's built of 1/4" plywood throughout. The prototype weighed 182lbs (and was built in three days). This sounds flimsy, but the first one carried six times its own weight and averaged almost 4-1/2mph over a seven-mile course under oars, and never showed any structural weakness. Quite a bit of structure, and weight, had to be added in this sailing adaptation. The original cost less than \$200 (25 years ago!). The masts and supporting structure, rudder, leeboard, six sails with no two alike (this last is a major drawback of the rig, but can't be helped), probably add up to something like five times whatever the cost of the pulling boat would be now. But compared with what it's supposed to cost to give this many people a good sail, it might not look too bad.

I hope Seth gets it done. This concept has been waiting 50-odd years to be realized.

Plans of the Navel Jelly pulling boat, our Design #296, are available for \$100 ppd. to build one boat; \$200 with the sailing rig plans included, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc. P. O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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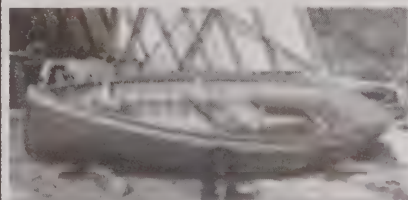
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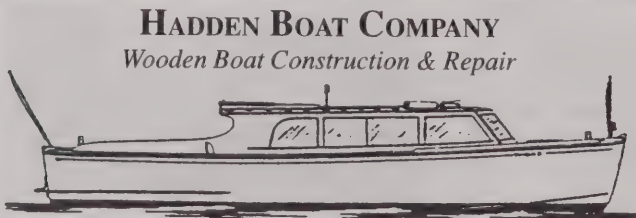
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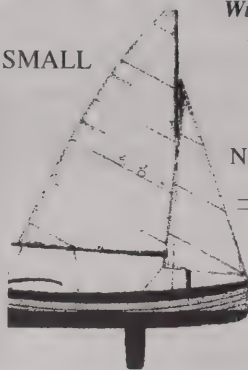
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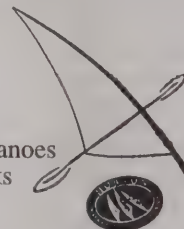
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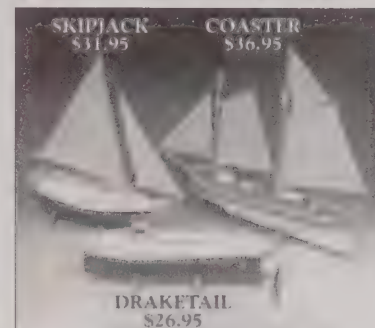
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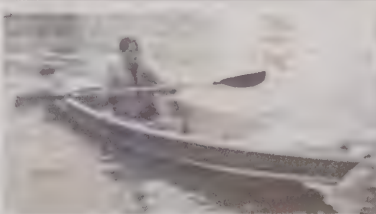
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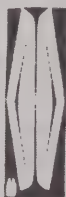
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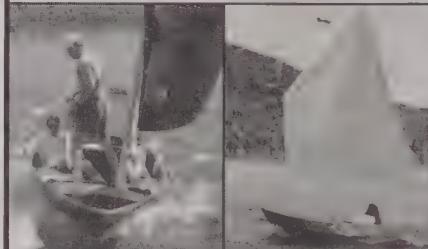
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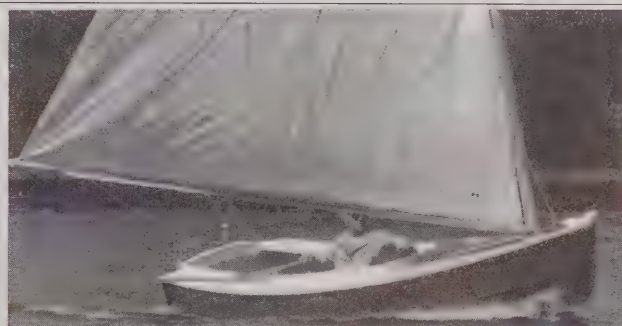
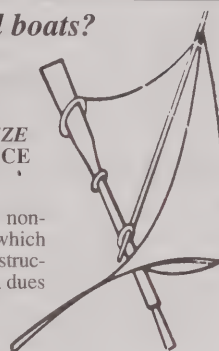
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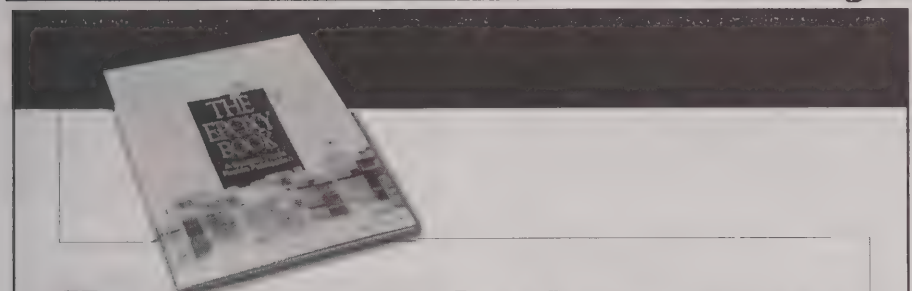
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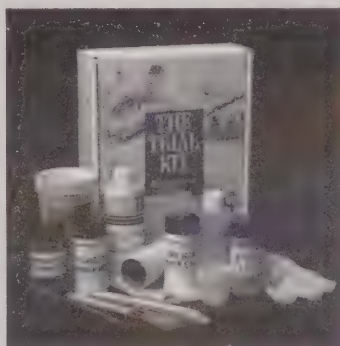
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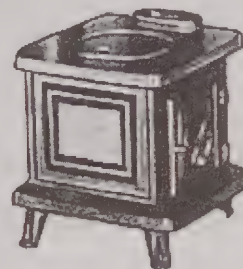
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JODY REYNOLDS, Fayetteville, NY, (315) 655-2040, <reycom@dreamscape.com> (23)

Hampton One Design, '57? As seen in WB163. Builder's plate reads Hampton Roads Boat, sail #641. Compl hull/rig/gear, sail as is or restore. Sell or trade for decent ocean kayak, looking for around \$500.

Joshua Mayo, St. Louis, MO, (314) 644-6680. (23)



'79 US 25 FG Sloop, totally refurbished. Neat, clean w/2 compl suits sails, 2 mains, 2 Genoa's, 1e set just about brand new. Fixed keel shallow draft, (32"). Compl rewired, has electrical distribution panel w/ master switch. Fwd cabin has a dedicated area for a porta potti, hanging locker, locker for anchor rode, storage under bunks. Main cabin has 2 full sized bunks, built-in drop leaf table, galley counter top w/sink, storage, door to fwd berths & head. Maximum hdm in main cabin is 5'6". Equipped w/25hp 2-stroke long shaft Yamaha elec start OB on a new swing up mount w/generator, remote controls mntd in cockpit which seats 4 adults. Standing rigging gd, equipped w/lazy jacks, sail covers, sausage bags, life lines, bow sprit & anchor holder. Email photos available. In water ready to sail. Swap for catboat of comparable value, sell her out right as is for \$4,500, or sell her minus the OB for \$3,650. DAVID NAAR, 8045 Stewart's Wharf Rd., Exmore, VA 23350 (23)

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16' Wooden Sailboat, blt '95. Varnished mahogany plywood over white oak frames, new spruce spars, new sails, trlr. Grt daysailer. Ready to go. \$2,500. MIKE PARSONS, Ridley Park, PA, (610) 461-4821, (610) 986-7516. (24)

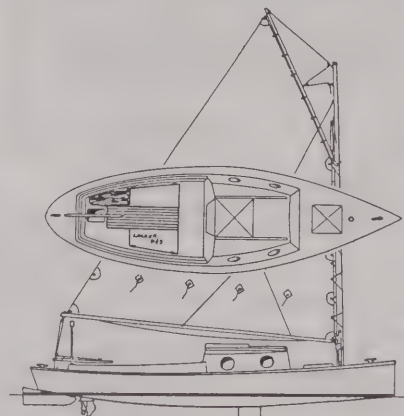
10' Swedish Sailing Pram, all varnished, lapstrake constr, new sail & oars. Grt cond. \$1,800. **17' Sea Kayak**, varnished mahogany, ltwt, exc cond. \$1,900. RAY STRICKLAND, Stuart, FL, (561) 308-6180. (24)

Dyer Dhow, 12-1/2' sailing dinghy, '76, 3 sails (main, working jib, genoa), rig as either sloop or cat, one pr oars. \$1,950. **19-1/2' Bristol Corinthian**, full keel sloop, Carl Alberg design, LWL 14-1/2', blt by SailstarBoats, 6-1/2' beam, 2'9" draft, 5 sails, boom cover, new cushions, blue hull, exc cond. \$4,100.

ROBERT IZZO, N. Kingstown, RI, (401) 294-3567. (23)

Rebel Sloop, '69, 16' FG, trlr, 5hp Evinrude. New running rigging. trlr tires, motor mnt, trlr winch strap. Still in production w/parts available from mfr. \$1,100.

DANIEL E. FARMER, Greenwich, NJ, (856) 455-4903, <danfarmer@erols.com> (23)



Bay Hen 21, '92 Florida Bay. Green hull, white topsides, teak trim, tanbark sail, tan bimini, summer cabin, sail cover. Full tan cushions, battery, nav lights, radio, depth sounder, compass, Porta Potty, lines, Danforth, galv Performance trlr w/spare tire. Exc cond, stored indrs. \$9,000. DICK HARDING, E. Haddam, CT, (860) 434-1004 days, <PILEY@aol.com> (23)



21' Drascombe Longboat, new trlr, 5hp Mercury OB, well equipped incl Autopl. Abt ready to sail. \$7,000

BOB DWYER, Essex, CT, (860) 767-8381. (24)



14' Glen L Sloop, daysailer w/trlr. FG covered marine plywood hull, Dacron sails. \$2,500. WILLIAM E.S. BIRD, 47 Sterling Rd., Princeton, MA 01541, (978) 464-5564. (24)



29' Atkins Channel Cutter, 34' LOA, custom blt Airex. Refit '99, new Kubota diesel, electronics, Cold Machine refig, SSB, dodger, life raft. All varnish redone Dec '01. Bottom stripped & faired Nov '00. Compl, ready to cruise. \$53,500. RAY STRICKLAND, Stuart, FL, (561) 308-6180. (24)

10' PennYan "Swift", '51. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (23P)

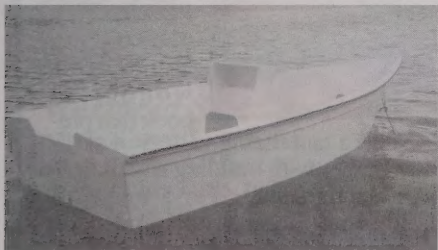


Bolger Micro, converted to lug main, goes nice. \$1,500 w/trlr, or poss trades. Video available. NORMAN CASEY, Margate, FL, (954) 970-9984, <lauch@mindspring.com> (23)

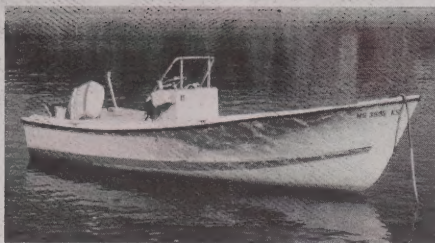


16' Herb Crosby Catboat, ca '33, cedar on oak, beautifully restored, gaff rigged, almost new Merc 5hp, new trlr, ready to sail. You won't find a nicer one. \$9,800. R. BETTZHER, 81 Crane Neck St., W. Newbury, MA 01985, (978) 363-2753. (23)

CLC North Bay 18, w/retractable skeg, bright finish. W/Inuit paddle. \$650. JERRY WEINTRAUB, St. James, NY, (631) 584-7428. (23)



16' Custom Center Console Sea Skiff, #26 just compl. I'm retiring to Florida so this will be my last Connecticut boat. Fast, rugged, pretty & salty. Bolt on 15-20hp OB and have the "perfect boat". \$1,650. BILL GREENOUGH, Berlin, CT, (860) 828-0425. (23)



19' Midland Center Cockpit, '78 true classic fishing boat w/70hp Evinrude. Self bailing, seat, compass. All new since '98-'99 are lower unit, wiring, batteries (2) Perko switch, VHF, running lights, automatic bilge pump, 18gal fuel tank, fuel filter, lifejackets & US flag w/staff. Asking \$6,300 OBO. Add \$500 for trlr. MICHAEL SHERWOOD, Bourne, MA, (508) 759-7796. (23)



16' Custom Cabin launch, '91. Cedar strip over oak, West(tm) epoxy w/bronze fastenings. Mahogany keel, stem & horn timber. Engine 2002 Yakmar 3cyl diesel. Dual helm hydraulic steering. As new cond. Highest quality throughout. Tlr include. \$44,500. KENT LACEY, Old Lyme, CT, (860) 434-1846, lv message, <LaceyKent@aol.com> (23)



13' Daysailer, full keel, solid Down East wood constr, gd dacron main & jib. A one of a kind that's roomy & comfortable with the sailing qualities of a larger boat. Asking \$1,200. TOM DAWKINS, Middletown, CT, (860) 632-0829. (23)

14' Penn Yan Cartopper, an ultra light outboard/rowing boat of canoe type constr. Blt '52, compl restored 6yrs ago, not used since. Wife won latest argument about whose boat got stored indrs. Rather than store this one outside (or sleep outside myself) have decided to sell to gd home. Asking \$1,800. DAVE JACKSON, Fairfield, CT, (203) 259-2935, <Dojackson@aol.com> (24)



Drascombe Driver, 18' yawl, 7hp IB, tanbark main, roller jib & mizzen, oars, compass, ground tackle, dodger & trlr. Never on mooring. Meticulously cared for during yrs of use. \$4,500 OBO. BROOKS FERGUSON, N. Andover, MA, (978) 682-6851. (23)

16' Hobie Catamaran, compl w/trlr, beach dolly & storage box, all in vy gd cond, incl trampoline, life vests & accessories. \$700 OBO. BOB REDDINGTON, Bay Head, NJ, (732) 295-1590, before 9am or after dark. (23)

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Freedom 21, '83, shoal draft. main & stays'l, gun mnt spinnaker but spinnaker ripped. '93 6hp Evinrude, Triad trlr. \$3,900. PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474. (24)



'83 Marshall Catboat Hull, 26' x 12' x 2'6". FG is about 7/8" thick at keel, solid, no core. Finished out by Concordia Yachts, S. Dartmouth, MA. Chosen for its stability for a man in a wheelchair. 75hp, 4cyl FWC Volvo diesel, 2:1 reduction w/less than 100 hrs. Edison hydraulic steering & wheel. Twin bilge keels. 2 bronze seacocks are only holes in bottom of boat. 5 dbl bronze steps on rudder & hull, 4 10" & 1 12" cleats, 4 chocks, 12 HD chainplates for any combo, dbl rubrails w/1/2 rnd guard, all above hvy bronze. Cabin section about 1" of insulation, 9 cabin windows all opening, molded in deck shelf entire hull length, full length engine stringers 2" x 10", extra stiffeners in hull. Crows nest, 2 gin poles. Gear that goes w/boat too much to list or remember. Also scale model of boat incl. \$25,000. '72 Marshall 22, new sail & sail cover '99. 22hp Palmer (gas) runs vy well. Larger sail area than normal. Open arrangement below. Nds cosmetics & repairs around deck icebox. Sailed every day from May to November weather permitting. \$19,000. BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750, (732) 295-1590 before 9am or after dark. at 81 I still go out to play every day. Sorry, no email. (4)

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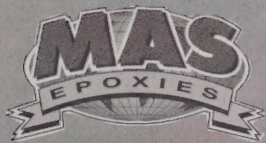
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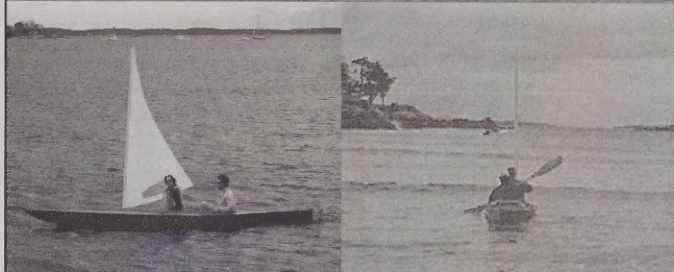
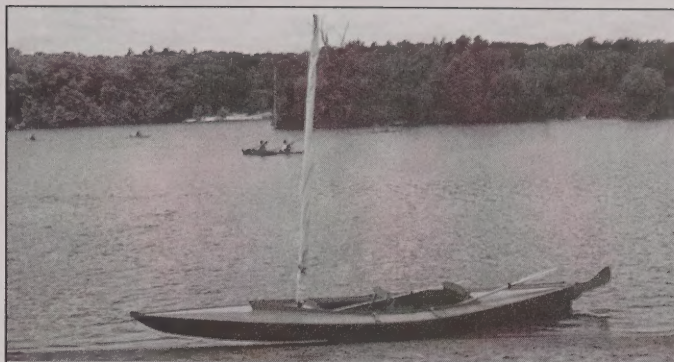


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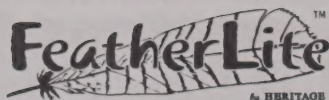
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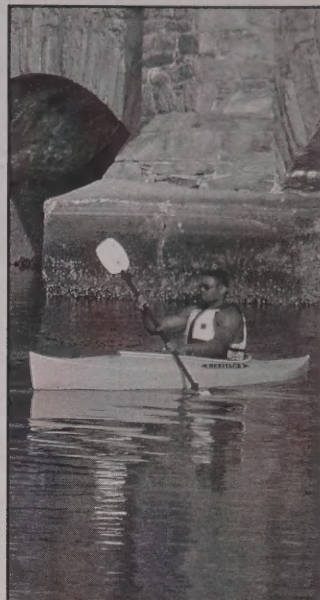
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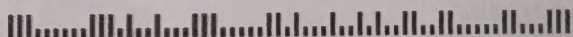
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